



# *The Improvement* ERA

FEBRUARY, 1933

VOLUME 36 NUMBER 4

Return Postage Guaranteed  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# A Bank Statement

## That any Man or Woman can Understand

### CONDENSED REPORT OF CONDITION OF

# Utah State National Bank

Salt Lake City, Utah

At the close of business December 31, 1932

THE BANK OWES, BY WAY OF DEPOSITS, TO INDIVIDUALS, FIRMS,  
CORPORATIONS AND BANKS.....\$10,267,357.94  
CURRENCY ISSUED AS AUTHORIZED BY U. S. GOVT.....500,000.00

TOTAL DEPOSITS AND CURRENCY ISSUED.....\$10,767,357.94

#### TO PAY THIS THE BANK HAS:

CASH (gold, currency, silver) AND CASH IN OTHER BANKS.....\$ 2,913,147.85  
CHECKS DRAWN ON OTHER SALT LAKE BANKS.....391,707.41  
Deposited on this date by our depositors

U. S. GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.....2,370,803.13  
(This amount includes \$500,000.00 to secure currency issued)

STATE AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES.....1,855,619.14

#### OTHER SECURITIES OF FIRST QUALITY

Railroad.....\$638,031.25  
Public Utilities.....588,001.25  
Industrial.....277,890.00  
Foreign.....239,066.25  
Other Securities.....20,218.25  
Federal Reserve Bank Stock.....22,500.00 1,785,707.00

DEMAND AND TIME LOANS.....2,309,441.13  
Largely secured by collateral

Banking House and FURNITURE & FIXTURES.....254,019.06  
After allowance has been made for depreciation

OTHER REAL ESTATE.....20,744.74

TOTAL TO MEET DEPOSITS AND CURRENCY ISSUED.....\$11,901,189.46

THIS LEAVES A CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OF.....\$ 1,133,831.52

Which is a guarantee fund for the protection of our depositors



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In figuring our securities at cost or market, whichever lower, we have sufficient cash and marketable securities to pay in excess of 80 per cent of our total deposits without calling a single loan.

# The Improvement ERA

Volume 36, Number 4  
FEBRUARY, 1933

Heber J. Grant, Editor  
Harrison R. Merrill, Managing Editor  
Elsie Talmage Brandley, Asso. Editor

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations  
and the Department of Education

## FORECAST

**A**N article—"What College Did To My Religion"—which appeared in the June, 1932, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, caused considerable discussion in some circles. A prominent member of the M. I. A. of the Church called the article to the attention of Elder B. H. Roberts, who, for years, has been a defender not only of the Church but of religion. The result was a reply by President Roberts in his characteristic fiery style. This reply will appear next month in this magazine.

**M**ANY people are wondering what is happening to the Latter-day Saint family. Are parents able to hold the group together as of old, or should they try to hold it together? Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, for years a student of the home and home psychology, will give her views on this important subject next month. Her article will be one worth reading by every parent or prospective parent.

**O**NE of the most romantic characters of the Old West was the wild horse, proud descendant of the Spanish chargers brought over by Cortez and others. Palmetto, a fine, cream-colored stallion, was one of the proudest of the lot. Meet him in the *Era* in March. Unusual illustrations by Paul S. Clowes will add much to the interest of the story.

## THE COVER

**W**INTER'S "Valentine" is the title we have given our February cover. These gorgeous, lacy valentines are hung in hundreds of canyons throughout the mountain regions.

## For Every Member of the Family

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FIG. 2. KODJON. 1841



# WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR

# Leisure?

By JAY B. NASH

Professor of Education, New York University

*"Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the life of ease. \* \* \* Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals," says J. B. Nash—and then tells why.*

THE young people who read this article have back of them one of the richest heritages of any group in the land. Beginning with the western Mormon trek of '47 there developed a philosophy of leisure. Why did this philosophy of leisure develop in these Mormon caravans but not in the others? There is every evidence that from the camp fires of Independence Rock in the halt on the western march there emerged from the Mormon groups joyous refrains of songs and dances and other phases of wholesome recreation, while in the other groups there was eye-gouging and bone breaking, wrestling and many of the baser forms of dissipation. Why this difference? History has not recorded the answer, but I presume the answer will be found in the word *leadership*. From all that I can learn the early Mormon leaders had a philosophy of recreation and not only preached it but lived it. What will you do with this heritage?

Up to the present time you have given a good account of yourselves. Your ward houses have been gathering places for the community. Your Church has fostered a liberal policy and your community improvement associations have fur-



*God is often found by a fire under a Summer Moon.*

nished the means of expressing this philosophy. Throughout your country you have liberally supported playgrounds and parks, both in the cities and state, and your university has been a leader in these fields. Your homes have been large and your hospitality larger. Will this continue under the impact of the machine age?

The pioneer people of our country did not have a great deal of leisure. The frontier was severe; land must be cleared, crops planted

and harvested if life was to exist.

The pioneer day consisted of two parts: long hours of work, and hours of rest—rest to get ready for another day. The country was sparsely settled. Occasional community gatherings and Sunday school picnics, or an occasional grouse hunt or trip up the trout stream broke the monotony. But these days were few and far between.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye the machine age has made it possible for us to produce more goods than we can consume, and by this very process we have been given leisure. That thing, which during the ages we have yearned for, which we have made almost synonymous with our heavens and our happy hunting grounds, which we dreamed about but never hoped to attain, has now been handed to us on a silver platter by a bowing, braided butler—the machine age. It is a bit of bitter irony now that we are asking ourselves the question, Dare we accept that thing for which, through all the ages, we have longed?

THERE are glaring indications on all sides, that given leisure, man will turn into a listener, a



*All participants, no spectators here at this three stakes fathers and sons outing—Canada.*

watcher. He will attempt to utilize this new leisure, which should be devoted to creative arts, in body recuperation. He will rationalize that he needs rest—a let-down far beyond his actual requirement. Too much restoration or recreation, as we have used it, dulls the mind. Man can sleep too much. Granted freedom, many men go to sleep—"physically and mentally," organically and cortically. Not having the drive for creative arts they turn to pre-digested pastimes, prepared in little packages at a dollar per. This has literally thrown us into the gladiatorial stage of Rome in which the number of participants becomes fewer and the size of the grandstands, larger. Spectatoritis has become almost synonymous with Americanism and the end is not yet. The stages will get smaller and the rows of seats will mount higher. Magnifiers and lights carry the messages to the far corners and one can perform for ten thousand as well as ten. Twenty-five million people go to the movies daily at a time of the worst depression known to man. Over a million people on a fall Saturday afternoon pass in at the gates over five million dollars at the football stadiums, so that they may watch gladiatorial contests carried on under the holy banner of modern college education. Enough of this, as all one has to do is to look about him. Where should he spend a pleasant evening? Tick off on your fingers the creative things you can do. Count on your compu-

tator the offerings of commercial recreation. The outcome is *profits*, not *prophets*.

The cry is to "buy ready-made

things," standardized and conceived by somebody else. Mechanisms which youth cannot make; he cannot even mend. On they go with a definite confidence that everything can be bought. Buy machines! Buy education! Buy health! Buy happiness! Buy! Over our great arenas should be carved: "They think they can buy it!" Viscount Grey characterized this group. "A pleasure-seeking, but not a pleasure-finding people." This situation is illustrated at a recent meeting in which a friend of mine, pointing to a table at a banquet, said, "At that small table is a group of men, most of them not over thirty-five, and they represent capital worth three hundred million dollars—and all drunk!" The freedom which had been won over a million years had been sold for a "mess of pottage." Over the laws of nature presides a strict judge. The sons of the rich, friends of politicians, relatives of officials and the favorites of magistrates get no concessions. The laws of retrogradation are as relentless as the laws of evolution. "Use or relinquish" is the law of nature. The fish in Mammoth Cave had no use for eyes for many years, and in their place today are mere light spots. Freedom is no exception—use or relinquish. To him that hath shall be given, but just as surely from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Was Nature too ambitious in giving man freedom? must be answered by another question: Will he use it wisely?



**D**R. JAY B. NASH is professor of Physical Education, School of Education, New York University in New York City. Ever since his graduation from Oberlin College in 1911 he has been interested in play and recreation. Since that time he has filled many positions of importance ranging from instructor of physical education in the John C. Fremont High School, Oakland, California, and Superintendent of Recreation and Director of Physical Education, California, 1919-26, to his present position. During the time which has elapsed since his graduation he has published a number of pamphlets and books, has taught in many institutions, including Brigham Young University during summer sessions and has delivered many lectures on the subject of play and recreation. A year ago last June he attended the Green and Gold contests at Saltair and was very much pleased with the entire Mutual program of recreation. His latest book is "Spectatoritis, Re-Creation Not Wreck-Creation."



CAN we develop a people eager for a day, a month, or a year off, to follow some favorite hobby? Will we be so eager that we will grasp the twenty-minute wait for the train, the time in the subway, Saturday afternoon, an evening or the week-end? What would you do with an hour off? This should bring an answer as to whether or not you can be trusted with leisure. Better yet, what would you do with a month? Would you turn, as did Louis XVI, to the making of locks, or as a Hall, to work in your basement laboratory in quest of aluminum, or as a Thorndike, to work in your attic with animals, or as a McKenzie, to sculpturing, or as Supple, to sketching, or as Finley, to walking? Would you turn to Nature to find a new type of slime mold, a new fern, a scarlet tanager or a hepatica? Would you turn to the romance of the microscope or to the world revealed by the telescope? Would you turn to reading the story of life that has been worked out in remote parts of the world? Would you turn to your shop to create, or to your musical instrument? Or would you drop back to your old reflexes and sleep—sleep in bed, before the radio, before the moving picture camera, or other places where the requirement is *check your brains with your hat*? Answer that question for yourself and you have stated the problem. Would you, on the other hand, look forward to one day, as did delightful Pippa:

"Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,  
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,  
The least of thy gazes or glances,  
(Be they grants thou art bound to or  
gifts above measure)  
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,  
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks  
at thy pleasure)

—My Day, if I squander such labor or  
leisure,  
Therè shame fall on Asolo, mischief on  
me!"

Oh, Life, if I squander a wavelet  
of thee—

I know the chorus will be *calamity howler—joy killer—* again. Yet in every age there have been those who have stood as Plato, amidst the ruins of a declining Athens, hands above their heads in desperation, crying, "What can I do to save my city?" In this sense we have today Walter Henderson, proclaiming against the "Curse of Leisure," Hoffman Nickerson, chaffing at the American Leisure Class, John Finley, writing on the Wisdom of Leisure, and President Cutten, warning of the Threat of Leisure. We have Jacks, with his delightful philosophy of life, warning us to acquire skills. We have our Criles and our Mayos urging us to acquire a hobby. Work with your hands is the admission price for this show—civilization. Civilization is, really, a race between the acquiring of normality through interest-driven, integrative hobbies, and collapse through mental degeneration.

The drive to do something is inherited. Nature abhors total inactivity, as it abhors a vacuum. This applies to the leisure time period precisely as it does to the working period. The important question to society is, What will the individual do, given freedom? In the past, man has had no choice in regard to being an active organism. He has come up through a "root, hog, or die" existence. He

met the challenge of the frontier or died. The progress which civilization has made is due largely to the fact that man has been kicked into activity by a hostile environment. This struggle should not be thought of in terms of dissatisfaction, or from the standpoint of something that man wants to avoid. He loves struggle. Remove the immediate struggle that has to do with making his livelihood and he immediately begins a search for other struggle. He wants to fly the Atlantic alone, cruise over both poles, make another million, or, "beat the Joneses." Man will, however, enter into struggle under these circumstances only when the formula is right; and the formula by which man voluntarily enters into struggle is: the activity must challenge, in other words it must be a man's job; he must be within reach of success—if he is too near the failure level he easily gives up; and finally, with success, there must be social approval. *Can society set up a successful program of struggle during this new leisure?*

IT appears that, given freedom through leisure, the majority of men will accept one of three alternatives. They will let down and become a watcher of somebody else, they will be enticed to anti-social conduct which will be the beginning of a career of crime, or they will acquire interests which will react to the benefit of the individual and society as a whole. The answer to this problem is the answer to the question, Can man be trusted with leisure?

We have already forcibly called attention to the possibilities of accepting the first alternative, namely that of becoming a spectator. With

*Salamander Lake—Mt. Timpanogos—  
A hike for all.*





the multiplication of the mechanical devices to furnish entertainment, a real danger arises. The football game or the motion picture will absorb the attention of thousands, while the radio takes its toll in millions. These activities may have some informative value and may even have some value from the standpoint of body relaxation. *But they tend to discourage the individual from being a doer.* If an individual is to keep young, grow and develop, he must meet new conditions and solve new problems. He cannot merely take his judgments from the morning paper or the broadcast of an advertising firm.

The second alternative is that the individual, in his search for struggle, may, without proper guidance, be turned into anti-social conduct. Crime itself contains all of the elements of struggle in its most fascinating form. Our cities are already known as places where crime is play. The challenge is great, there is ample opportunity for success, and in addition to the social approval of the gang, there is the added satisfaction of enjoying the fruits of the crime. We have really made crime attractive.

In large cities today these thrills are gotten from the roofs of our

*Finding happiness among "God's first temples." Doers all.*

buildings where gangs of boys meet and where regular paths are laid out for groups to go from one building to another and up and down the fire-escapes. Thrills are gotten in the railroad districts, along the wharves, stealing brass and lead from contracting jobs, rubbing chalk marks from automobiles which have been checked and collecting from the owners before the police arrive, gambling on which way the coin comes up in the turnstiles at the elevated and subways. There is even a thrill from playing in the street, in taking chances with the fast-moving traffic. These are real thrills. The gang sets up its loyalty, has its own code, and sometimes sets itself against society—the beginning of racketeering.

THE city life becomes an ideal atmosphere in which to develop delinquency. High stakes are on every hand. There are stores of plenty, mystery, dark alleys and flickering lights. There are push-carts and street fires. It is the mystery in the situation—the danger with which one may flirt—the playing with these fear

mechanisms that brings satisfaction in success and escape. The very success is uncertain—that is what gives it the zest. Children have been playing with these fear mechanisms for eons. It is the "it" of all games from "run sheep run" with its hiding in dark corners to football with its escaping from opponents. For ages children have been trained in this daring by means of games. Theodore Roosevelt, in his tales of lion hunting in Africa, calls attention to the way in which the natives flirt with danger. The natives surround a group of trees in which there is a lion, advance with their spears set, until finally they come shoulder to shoulder, still advancing toward the lion. The lion in desperation, which is the real "it" of modern games, strikes at the line of spears. Unless killed it becomes the killer—so the contest continues until the spears finally find his heart.

The modern city has deprived children of wholesome opportunities and in their place has substituted crime. We must offer a Buffalo Bill if we want to get rid of Jesse James. The substitute must be red-blooded. It will take something more than Tom Thumb golf, ping-pong and com-

(Continued on page 220)



# "Not Alone"—Frontispiece

By WM. A. HYDE

*This letter afforded the inspiration for our frontispiece this month. In justice to Mrs. Teichert we should explain that to use the photograph we received of her painting we had to re-touch it a little.*

Miss Minerva Kolhepp,  
American Falls, Idaho.

My Dear Sister:

I have been reading from time to time of your work and of the successes that you are enjoying, and have been forming my conceptions of what your future may and ought to be. I feel that I am rightfully doing this, for I profess a sort of double kinship to you—that of the faith and that of the Spirit of Art. I hold myself related to all artists by this token that in my creation I was given an artist's thought and feelings but unhappily, left without the means of adequately expressing those feelings. My conceptions are of the mind only, and I am the only one to enjoy them. If I may believe the dream of the poets, that by the laying down of the body we leap into the freedom of the spirit to do the things that we desired most in life, then when I go to meet that great band of immortals, I shall immediately call for some brushes and a pot of paint and inquire for Raphael. Then at least I shall be able to express myself.

You spoke to me generously one day, about giving to the Church in Pocatello your services for some suitable decoration. I fancied that you looked a little pained, when I suggested that it would be a very great privilege for us provided we could have the right design. I did not mean that you could not make the right design—that was the farthest from my thoughts, but I meant to carry the idea that the Mormon tabernacle ought to have something distinctly Mormon,—a theme for the Latter-day Saints.

There has been haunting me for several years, at intervals, a subject that is worthy of the greatest genius. In my mind I have composed the subject again and again, and it is more beautiful each time that I look at it, and if some sympathetic soul who can understand it and has the technical knowledge and the artistic feeling to treat it as sacredly as it should be treated, it would make for that artist's fame, and it would satisfy in me the hunger of my heart. Now let me describe it for you, and now if you smile let it not be in pity for my childishness, for I take you into my heart now as one would take a friend to an inner chamber to view his treasures. If you

cannot be impressed with it look at it reverently and wait until your heart is touched.

This picture will show in one glance the heroism, and the faith of the Mormon woman—and so also with that, the Mormon faith and spirit. It deals with an historical fact, well attested to us. You will remember in your Primary days how they told you of the time when Mary Fielding Smith, the mother of President Smith, was delayed, and fell behind the train, and how by a courage that was more than human, she with her little son, brought the sick ox back to life, overtook the advance wagons, passed them and entered the valley in advance. That is the historical setting,—the time is when she is left alone and sets her face amid the howling of the wolves and the fear of savages, to overtake the train in advance. The geographical setting may be pitched anywhere on the trail, perhaps the chimney rock for a background.

The central theme of the picture I get from Mrs. Butler's Roll Call, and the title of it, unless some better were thought of, would be "Not Alone."

You may have seen the original or a copy of the Roll Call, if not—then this is the idea. It is after the battle. The victorious remnant of the army is mustered for roll call. They stand in their ranks as they did before the battle, except that the dead stand there in spirit—their shadow forms intermingled—the majority in this devoted band. It is at the same time spiritual and uncanny. It brought Mrs.

Butler fame, for it is her masterpiece.

Having these elements in mind, now let us see coming across the plain a prairie schooner drawn by a yoke of lumbering oxen. Can you idealize these oxen; can you give them the touch of heroism that Sister Smith gave to them by her association? Well then,—next will be seen the form of this brave woman, with her face set to the horizon, with the look that does not see the intervening things—hers is the eye of faith. The wind has detached a wisp of her hair from the confines of her bonnet, and it swells her dress giving life and motion and dignity to her. Perhaps one hand rests upon the shoulder of the ox, I shall not say as to that, and the other may lead the lad who trudges by her side, little Joseph, then less than ten, I think. These would make a picture themselves, but they are "not alone." Who is this shadowy form, mounted on this classical charger that stands so distinct in character apart from these oxen, and is caparisoned for war? This is the captain of the Lord's host. Can you picture him? To this misty form can you give power and dignity? There can be no luster of eye nor no great detail. You see his sword, the poise of the head, the attitude of confidence as he rides unseen by the side of this Mormon saint. Then those other men—sometimes I see them mounted and sometimes unmounted. The composition will determine which. I only know that they are the same men that the servant of Elijah saw round about the camp of the Israelites. In the shadow there may be the skulking form of a wolf, or of an Indian, that as the fancy or as the picture shall permit, but perhaps the simpler the better.

Can you put energy and faith into the motion of those oxen—can you put the look of a conqueror into the face of this woman, can you put confidence into the eyes of the boy, can you put spirituality into those misty forms—if so then you shall have a seat among the great. If you cannot now then dream of it until you can.

Why cannot we have some great Mormon artists? There is another theme that only a Michael Angelo could touch. Would that the Lord would raise up some man or woman to visualize our faith. Surely it is a most worthy cause.

---

**I**N addition to this fine painting "Not Alone" which hangs in the First Ward Chapel in Pocatello, Idaho, Mrs. Minerva Kolhepp Teichert has painted many fine western subjects. Some of her cowboy and cattle themes are unusually attractive and well painted. She has also done some wall murals which carry in their themes and their treatment the very spirit of the West. And why shouldn't they? Mrs. Teichert, herself, is a product of the West which she, in turn, reproduces on her canvases. She was a dweller on "the bottoms" near old Fort Hall and is now living on a Wyoming cattle ranch with her cowboy husband. See the review of her book in this issue, "A Romance of Old Fort Hall."

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# Hiram Smith

A Tribute by Joseph Fielding Smith

*"And again, verily I say unto you, blessed is my servant Hiram Smith, for I, the Lord, love him because of the integrity of his heart, and because he loveth that which is right before me, saith the Lord."—D. and C. 124:15.*



WHO would not be happy to have such a tribute of confidence and praise given him, and coming from the Lord? Hyrum Smith was among the first baptized in this dispensation. Through his life he stood by the side of his brother Joseph and strengthened him by encouragement, faith and devoted love. Hyrum was a man of wonderful tenderness of heart. He possessed deep humility and loved his brother better than he loved his own life. This is shown in his death through which he obtained a martyr's crown. He was fearless in his defense of truth. Verily he "loved that which is right."

Hyrum Smith was born on the ninth day of February, 1800, and was nearly six years the senior of the Prophet. No honor came to Joseph Smith that was not shared by Hyrum who rejoiced with his brother in all the blessings the Lord bestowed upon him. This same quality of brotherly love was shown by the Prophet Joseph for his brother Hyrum. They passed through the same sorrows and joys together. The same persecutions descended upon them both. They shared the same dungeons for the Gospel's sake, and when the time came for the sealing of their testimony, they shared together the crown of martyrdom. "In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated." Together they held the keys of the dispensation of the Fulness of Times, and the sealing of the testimony would not have been complete had Joseph died alone. They filled the measure of divine law requiring two witnesses for truth, in their martyrdom, and they died that they "might be honored, and the wicked might be condemned."

This is a merited tribute from the Prophet: "Brother Hyrum, what a faithful heart you have got! Oh may the Eternal Jehovah crown eternal blessings upon your head, as a reward for the care you have had for my soul! Oh how many are the sorrows we have shared together; and again we find ourselves shackled with the unrelenting hand of oppression. Hyrum, thy name shall be written in the book of the

Law of the Lord, for those who come after thee to look upon, that they may pattern after thy works."

Again the Prophet said: "I could pray in my heart that all my brethren were like unto my beloved brother Hyrum, who possesses the mildness of a lamb, and the integrity of a Job, and in short, the meekness and humility of Christ and I love him with that love that is stronger than death, for I never had occasion to rebuke him, nor he me, which he declared when he left me today."

It is, no doubt, because of this love and integrity, that the Lord conferred upon Hyrum Smith—in addition to the honor of the Patriarchal Priesthood held by his father—the following everlasting blessing: "And from this time forth I appoint unto him that he may be a prophet, and a seer, and a revelator unto my church, as well as my servant Joseph; that he may act in concert also with my servant Joseph; and that he shall receive counsel from my servant Joseph, who shall show unto him the keys whereby he may ask and receive, and be crowned with the same blessing, and glory, and honor, and priesthood, and gifts of the priesthood, that once were put upon him that was my servant Oliver Cowdery. That my servant Hyrum may bear record of the things which I shall show unto him, that his name may be had in honorable remembrance from generation to generation forever and ever."

It is very evident from this promise given by the Lord to Hyrum Smith that he had opened to his vision the wonders of eternity and beheld the glory, honor and power which once had been given to Oliver Cowdery. This was necessary in the great plan of the Lord that his work might be fully accomplished. Hyrum Smith was not fully qualified as the special witness for Christ with his younger brother, until this vision and these keys and powers had been given to him; that he received them in full, we have no reason to doubt, but every reason to believe, for the word of the Lord does not fail.



# The Valentine

*A Short Story*

*By*

BLANCHE  
STOCKDALE  
BURR

I 'VE shoveled the snow off your porch and sidewalks, Mis' Hartly," Freddie Rankin announced, looking like a disheveled snowman that had been constructed with old clothes for a foundation, as he pounded on Ruth Hartly's front door.

"Come in, Freddie," invited Ruth, who had just seated herself at the table and was poking languidly at the food thereon. She was glad of this interruption, for it meant the possibility of company for a dinner she had dreaded to eat alone.

"Nope. Can't tonight. Got some home work to do."

"Then I'm out of luck, Freddie.

I thought sure you'd have dinner with me. You did a fine job on the walk. Here's your dollar and a twenty-five cent tip thrown in. And if you want to earn another dollar tomorrow, come over at seven a. m. and run the vacuum sweeper for me."

"Gee, thanks, Mis' Hartly. I'll sure be over at seven in the morning."

The banging of the door as Freddie left reminded Ruth that she was alone again with her five-thirty dinner on her hands. It was really a delicious meal, but somehow it had lost its savor for her. For one thing, she was no longer satisfied with eating alone. There had been a time when she had thought it the natural thing to do. She had been almost happy to come home exhausted from the office, prepare her own dinner, read for a while to quiet her nerves after





Ruth

her strenuous day of conflict with the business world, jump into a bath-tub filled with warm scented water, and from there slip quickly to bed.

But since her brief months of marriage to Tom she could not entirely content herself with this lonely way of living any more. Though she could scarcely admit it, even to herself, she missed the dark glance of his eyes, the calm depth of his voice, the little courtesies he always showed her at the dinner table.

OF course there had been annoyances connected with her marriage, too. It had been very hard for a successful business woman, well over thirty, as she was, to have a man step into the house where she had reigned supreme, even though he took over the entire responsibility of financing the place. He had brought with him a normal amount of masculine self-assertiveness, and Ruth, capable manager that she was, had clashed with him on every point.

They had had words, for instance, over Tom's annoying habit of messing up the bathroom she had always kept so spotless, with dirty towels, scattered shaving equipment and cast-off socks. The living-room, since her marriage, had become continually littered with newspapers, articles of men's clothing and discarded sheets from his typewriter.

Then there was his humiliation at having her work after she was married. Tom, after years of study

was expecting to be employed soon by a large firm as corporation lawyer at an enviable salary, but, she had tried to convince him, it was advisable for her to keep on with her work until then. Always he had chafed and fretted over her working, and the fact that some of her fellow workers had made more or less pointed allusions to her about it had added to her discontent.

HER evenings with Tom, at first so delightful, had gradually become poisoned by little pin-pricks of irritation, brought on for the most part by the strained nerves of two over-worked people, until all their meetings were fraught with subtle antagonisms and bitter hostilities. One night,



Freddie

when Ruth was more tired and irritable than usual, she nagged him all evening for some trifle or other. Tom stood by his guns with true lawyer determination. Bitter words ensued—insult heaped on insult. Ruth had a vague memory of ordering him out of the house.

He had left that night.

Ruth still felt the old spirit of annoyance to think that he had taken her at her word instead of realizing that her rash command was the result of her nerves being on edge after a gruelling day at the office. What she did not remember until it was too late was that he too had been working like a dog and his nerves had probably been in as bad a condition as her own.

She had hoped for a long time that he would realize how things stood and come back to her. But he hadn't, and she felt as though the bottom had dropped out of her entire existence. There was one thing besides her work that kept her sane when her troubles seemed too heavy for her to bear, and that was the Rankin family next door. There was a father, unemployed, a sickly mother and seven growing children. She often forgot her troubles by helping them with their financial difficulties. It was a great pleasure to give Freddie and his older brothers employment whenever possible so that she could help swell their family income.

SUPPER over she did the dishes—a weary pastime for her now that she could remember how Tom had looked in her old apron as he had wiped them for her. Then came the long, long evening, fraught with more wistful memories.

It was about nine o'clock when her door-bell rang. She hurried to the porch and looked about to see who had rung, but could find no one. In the street she could hear the sound of an automobile driving quickly away.

Now she noticed for the first time a tiny parcel lying at her feet. As she picked it up and took it into the house she found it to be a cardboard box with her name typewritten on the lid. Opening it she found inside a fragile thing all pink and lavender, adorned with delicate paper lace.

(Continued on page 252)

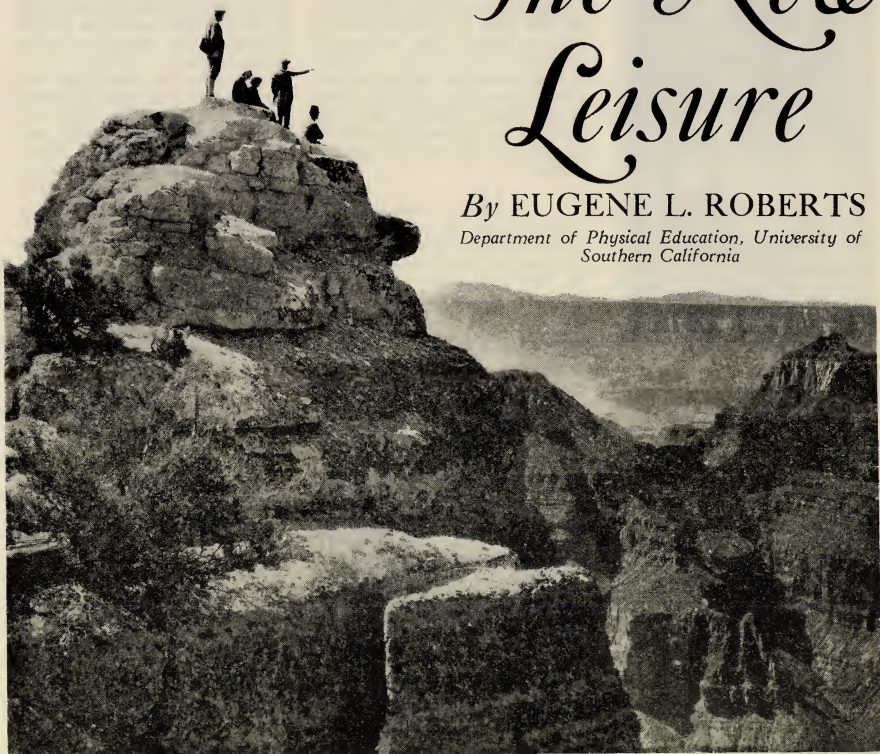


Tom

# The New Leisure

By EUGENE L. ROBERTS

Department of Physical Education, University of Southern California



*Vacationing at Bright Angel Point*

EVERY day will be Sunday by and bye. This dream of work-weary people promises to be realized in the near future, as a result of the remarkable accomplishments of the technologist and the scientist, if political and social genius can build a new order, a new way of living to meet the profound changes being wrought by the machine and the efficiency engineer. The outcome of these changes will be either chaos or the millennium.

When every day becomes Sunday and man can use his abundant free time just as he chooses, will he plunge into social and moral chaos or will he rise to great heights in creative leisure? There is no way of predicting accurately what will result. If we judge by the way man has used his periods of leisure

and prosperity in the past we should be inclined towards pessimism. However there are new

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*When every day becomes Sunday, so far as labor is concerned, what are we going to do to keep from dying of monotony or from destroying ourselves and our civilization through soft and senseless living? What have the Church and the Schools done; what are they going to do about it? Professor Roberts makes a few suggestions.*

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forces at work in the world and new philosophies emerging which we have a right to hope, will influence the outcome tremendously.

It is far better for us to consider the new leisure as a succession of Sabbaths rather than one of week days and holidays, because if man's free-time is to become a promise rather than a threat this free-time must be filled with something of the spirit and purpose of the Lord's Day. The deeper, re-creative meaning of the Sabbath must be given to all forms of recreation. By this is not meant that the Puritan Sabbath should be taken over wholly as a pattern for every-day living.

This giving to recreation some of the deeper significance of the Sabbath involves scrapping some of the philosophies and psycho-



logical theories that have held sway in the recent past. We must discard the theory that there is only virtue in *self-expression*, that there is only danger in suppression, and that restraints only hamper and warp the growth of personality.

THE Freudian philosophy has caused untold suffering and it will take years to efface the results of its teachings. Such a philosophy was sufficiently harmful during the days when most men and women had to work a large part of the time. It will be a contributing cause to complete moral and social collapse if permitted to be a force in the influencing of conduct during the new era of leisure.

Instead of a philosophy of *self-expression* we must return to the ideal of *self-control* and *self-development*. The resultant bi-product of self-control is character, not "complexes," and the necessary outcome of self-development is an enriched personality, influencing for good all who come in contact with it. Controlled self-expression when a person has something *worthy* to express should be set up as a desirable objective in social intercourse.

However we have the problem of giving legitimate expression, or rather wholesome out-let, to all the deep yearnings of human nature. The new leisure will offer abundant time for the free play of instinctive impulses, and the new intellectual freedom may, and undoubtedly will, tempt millions of people to give rein to primitive passions. Can we show that such Freudian abandon to desire has only the misery of mental and spiritual conflict at the end of its trail?

Every sensitive individual with any integrity of soul learns sooner



Paddle Tennis—Five courts on the space of one regular court.

or later that the *game of living* must be played according to the finest of rules if peace of spirit and happiness are to be enjoyed. Experience teaches and contemplation reveals these truths. But how are the inexperienced, and those inclined to take little thought about the consequences of their impulsive acts, to learn these things?

Youth has grown weary of preaching and suspicious of teaching. It wants action, romance, adventure; it wants to try out all things socially and to hold fast to that which has proved to be good. How can we get before young people the philosophy of self-control and self-development without nauseating them with sermons and inadvertently tempting them by suggestion?

The recreational hungers and forms of recreational expression of

adults are as varied as are human beings. They range all the way from the most indecent and debasing indulgences to the "ultra-violet" pastimes of ultra-religious individuals. In games and sports they range from the questionable practice of witnessing brutal prize fights and playing contract bridge to listening to soul-stirring symphonies.

IN the social realm they range from the so-called "Hollywood debauch" to the refined intercourse of philosophers and scientists. In the field of literature and art they range from the reading of salacious stories and gazing at vulgar pictures to the study of master poems and the quiet contemplation of great paintings. And the social hungers and recreational moods of each individual, during the succession of "periods" in his life's span, vary almost as much.

Here, then is the situation. While the range of recreational choices covers the distance from one extreme to another those which represent the golden mean by far outnumber those towards either extreme. The curve of probability holds true in this as in everything else. It is true that the swing of greater numbers will be towards one or the other end of the scale according to the prevailing philosophies, and that the forces for good must be unceasingly at work if man's recreational salvation is to be achieved.

Should the new economic order take from money its alluring value the forces for good will find themselves immediately in a position of vantage, since much of the competition of commercialized vice will immediately disappear. Nevertheless there always remains the need

Swimming in a Free Pool



of satisfying instinctive urges, and the forces for good must keep on the job promulgating higher and higher ideals of living, and creating forms of recreational activity which meet the needs of people. There will be no rest for those whose concern is the welfare of the human race.

The church has seen this situation with remarkable clearness of vision. Since its beginning it has recognized the place of play and recreation in human life and has allied itself with the good forces in creating recreational opportunities designed to be deeply satisfying to human hungers, and at the same time uplifting in their results.

**D**URING the period of its early history the church held a point of view regarding the proper pastimes of its people which was unusually progressive. At the time when religious organizations all over the world were condemning the social dance, our forefathers danced with delightful abandon in the quadrilles and reels. When church people generally were suspicious of the theatre, our religious ancestors not only encouraged the drama by their patronage, but also took part in play-production as an educative free-time activity.

It will be noted also that the full and rich recreational program of the early Latter-day Saints not only included the above mentioned activities and many more, but the activities were mostly of the group, neighborhood, and community type, in which the social element was predominant. Indeed the pioneers looked with some suspicion upon the introduction of highly organized and strongly competitive sports, and were vigorous in their denunciation of dance forms which lacked the group-social elements.

At the present time, when recreational leaders are coming to believe that individualism in leisure-time pursuits and competition in sports have been very much overdone, we are compelled to admire the intelligent conservation of the early church members. There is every reason to believe that our future programs in this field will place special emphasis upon the socially cooperative activities, such as were indulged in by our forefathers.

The days of unrestrained competition appear to be numbered. The new social order will most

probably demand more of the universal "we" spirit and less of the "I" selfishness. There is something strongly smacking of the "I" spirit in "our team," "our ward," "our neighborhood," and yes—even in "our church." Where competition is used in play activities it must be competition with a good will.

Competition must be resorted to merely as a means of adding zest and incentive to play-situations. It must be good natured and generous; it must be made genuinely social and wholesome in its results. If competition is given such a mission to fulfill and it does so to good purpose it is justifiable. When it turns ward against ward, neighborhood against neighborhood or school against school it becomes socially undesirable.

**W**E must come to see in the athletic contest skill matched against skill rather than man



**E**UGENE L. ROBERTS was born and reared in Provo, where he early manifested an interest in all kinds of athletics and out door recreational activity. He became an unusually proficient boxer and showed considerable ability as a coach even in his youth. Later he graduated from Brigham Young University, studied at Yale and with some of the finest coaches and directors of physical education in America. For years he was head coach at Brigham Young University, where his basketball teams always revealed the results of scientific coaching. His practice drills became famous. He also developed several national champions and one world champion. A mission to Switzerland gave him the vision of hikes and out of door activities. He came home and founded the Timpanogos hike, which has been an annual affair for nearly a quarter of a century. He is now at the University of Southern California, still active in training athletes and coaches and in directing physical activities.

against man or neighborhood against neighborhood—skill in individual competitions, skill in team cooperation, etc. Leadership should establish as its chief aim the stimulation of admiration for clean-cut scientific skill and perfection in performance. The same admiration of skill in officiating, skill in management, skill in acting as host to visiting teams, and skill in accepting defeat or victory should be established as a desirable and attainable objective.

That this can be done was demonstrated in the Olympic Games held last summer in Los Angeles. The whole festival was built from the texture of competition and yet it was a great world pageant of sportsmanship, where people forgot their nationality and marvelled at great performances regardless of what race or nationality was represented by the performers. The athletic world in attendance at the Tenth Olympiad rose to dizzy heights as sportsmen and set standards for future generations.

Let us give competitive activities a place in our play "set-up" if we can use them for a worthy purpose. But after these have found their proper niche the major part of the program should be kept free for wholesome community pastimes in which fellowship and cooperative companionship find exercise. In these recreations lifelong friendships, appreciations and loyalties are developed.

Among the desirable forms are socials, picnics, dinners, parties, entertainments, dances, watermelon feasts, stunt-nights, fairs, bazaars, celebrations, religious festivals, pageants, dramatic productions, concerts, lectures, circuses, kiddy parades, processions, song feasts, swimming parties, mountain climbs, sun-set hikes, caravans, story hours, May day observances, art exhibitions, club gatherings, club projects, home evenings, family play, ward reunions and a score of other delightful affairs that satisfy all the urges and insure the socializing and integrating of neighborhoods.

**S**UCH affairs require the most careful planning and thorough organization to give the greatest returns in development and happiness. They require subtle supervision and guidance by "setting" and program rather than by indi-

(Continued on page 253)





# Amethyst

by  
FAVA K.  
PARKER

*A* PRINCESS looks down from my living-room wall,  
Slender and golden, and regally tall.  
Like a violet hill in a deepening mist  
There gleams on her finger—an amethyst!  
I always have loved them and longed for one so—  
The color sets something within me aglow.

*W*E were always too poor for such frivolous things  
As jewels, and colors, and beauty—and rings,  
But I dreamed of the day when my Prince-of-all-men  
Would come for me, find me and claim me, and then,  
When he asked me to name my betrothal-ring stone  
I'd choose—O! an amethyst, all for my own!

*T*HEN John came along. Poor and loving and kind.  
I explained, but the eyes of his spirit were blind  
And though he was gentle he just couldn't see  
How "a bit of blue glass" could mean pleasure to me.  
And so we were married, quite simply, and yet  
There lingered the dream that I could not forget.

*O*NE day in the dime-store, while buying a plate  
To replace one I'd broken (perhaps it was Fate!),  
Near the door, midst the beads and the bracelets and things  
There on the counter were amethyst rings!  
Of course, now, I know they were only of glass,  
But the color was real, though the setting was brass.

*I* WANTED one so!  
And as quick as a wink  
I bought one before I'd a minute to think.  
I know it was silly, but when it was done  
I felt happy, and wicked, and thrilled, all in one.

*I* DIDN'T tell John for he never could see  
How the color kept calling and calling to me.  
It isn't his fault that he can't understand  
Why I'd long for a gem on my grubby old hand.

*H*E doesn't know sometimes at day's weary end  
In the hour before he comes home, I pretend  
(As I rock, while I'm waiting to turn on the light)  
That my hand is still slender and tender and white.  
To the Princess it isn't a laughable thing  
So, for just that one hour, I put on my ring.

*A*S I sit there with her in the darkening room  
While the street-lamps all tremble and burst into bloom,  
She smiles down at me just as if the dear knew,  
And I smile back and whisper, "I have one, too!"

# An Evolving Universe

*"Lo, these are but  
parts of His ways"*

By SIR JAMES JEANS

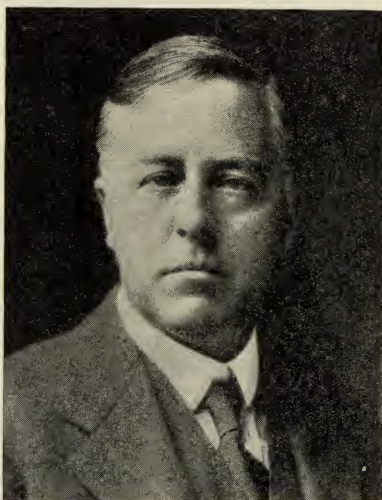
*The author was former Secretary of the Royal Society of  
London, Research Associate, Carnegie Institution  
of Washington*

*As given to Walter Raleigh, Washington  
Correspondent and Special Writer*

WHEN we look upwards in a clear sky at night, we see the heavens spangled with stars; we can see between two and three thousand with our unaided eyes. Some appear very bright and some very faint; astronomical investigation shows that this results in large part from their being at very different distances.

The stars which look brightest are so near that their light takes only a few years to reach us, but the faintest we can see are, for the most part, at distances of about 3,000 light-years; that is to say, they are so remote that their light has to travel through space for about 3,000 years before it reaches us—we see them by light which left them before the beginning of the Christian era.

Besides this collection of individual stars, we also see a band of faint pearly light encircling the whole sky; we call it the Milky Way. This also consists of stars, but of stars which are too distant



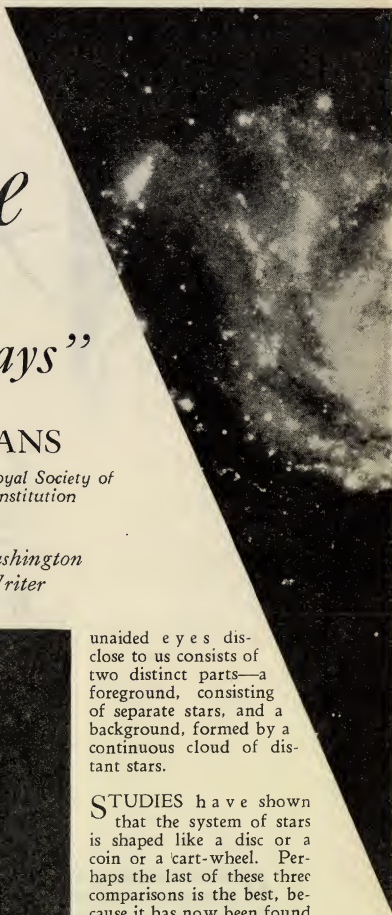
Sir James Jeans

to be seen as individuals by our unaided eyes, although numerous enough to appear as a continuous cloud. Thus the sky which our

unaided eyes disclose to us consists of two distinct parts—a foreground, consisting of separate stars, and a background, formed by a continuous cloud of distant stars.

STUDIES have shown that the system of stars is shaped like a disc or a coin or a cart-wheel. Perhaps the last of these three comparisons is the best, because it has now been found that the system of stars is in a state of rotation. Earlier astronomers imagined that the sun must be somewhere near the hub of this wheel; we now know that it is at a great distance away.

It is so far away that even the brightest stars near the hub are too faint to be seen by the unaided eyes. The furthest stars our unaided eyes can see are only about 3,000 light-years away from us, while the hub of this great wheel of stars is probably something like 40,000 light-years away. We still do not know the diameter of the wheel





*"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon, and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou are mindful of him?"—Psalm 8.*

with any approach to accuracy, but it is probably something like two hundred thousand light-years. Still less do we know the total number of stars which constitute the wheel. It is almost certainly greater than a hundred thousand million and may quite well be two, three, four or even five times this number.

### Shaped like a Cartwheel

THUS, we shall get the best picture which modern science can give us of our system of stars, if we think of it as shaped like a cartwheel, with the sun perhaps a third or a half-way along one of the spokes, and rotating like a cartwheel. The wheel is held together by the gravitational attractions of the different stars of which it is

composed. As a consequence, the outermost stars move with the slowest speeds, and take longest to perform a complete revolution—just as in the Solar System the outermost planets move most slowly and take the longest time to describe their orbits round the sun. So far as is at present known, the sun moves at about 200 miles per second, and requires something over 200 million years to perform a complete revolution.

In the early days of astronomy, our Solar System was thought to be the only system of stars in the sky, but we now know that it is only one of innumerable systems. If you look to the north of the star Beta in the constellation of Andromeda, you will, if your eyesight is good, see a faint, hazy patch. This is the object known as the Great Nebula in Andromeda. It looks at first like diffused starlight, as though a bit of the Milky Way had broken off—the astronomer Marius described it as looking like candle-

light seen through a horn, while Herschel described it and similar objects as "shining fluid."

WHEN this patch of light is viewed through a powerful telescope, a certain amount of detail begins to appear; we can see dark lanes across the background of light and notice a certain regularity in the form and structure of the object. But to study it properly we must photograph it with an exposure of many hours. Endless new detail now appears. The nebular is found to be far larger than can be seen either by the unaided eye or by direct vision through a telescope; it is found to cover about twenty times as much sky as the full moon. The only part we can see with the unaided eye is a comparatively bright central mass, which is fuzzy in appearance and ill-defined in outline. Round this is a detailed structure which lies hidden until it is photographed with a very long exposure.

Just as Galileo's telescope broke up the Milky Way into separate points of light which he at once identified as stars, so the modern high power telescope breaks up the outermost regions of this nebula into separate points of light. We know that these too are stars. Many of them do not shine with a steady light, but fluctuate in a very characteristic and quite unmistakable way with which we are very familiar, because many stars of our own system do precisely the same. Indeed stars of this type are

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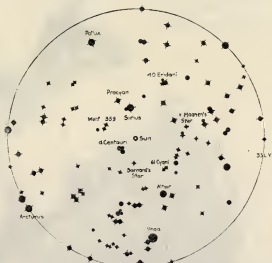
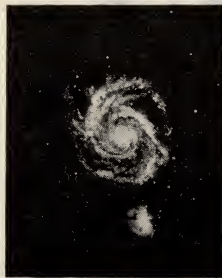


Diagram showing all stars whose distances are less than 22 light-years. The size of the dots indicates their relative luminosity.



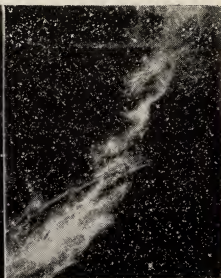
*The famous  
whirlpool Nebula*



### The Great Nebula in Andromeda



### *A Spiral Nebula in the Big Dipper*



### *The Veil Nebula in the constellation of Cygnus*

# Wedding Ring and Cow Bell

*In those dear old, hard old pioneer days the "heart standard" was often used instead of "the gold standard," yet gold figures in this story of heroism.*

THE door closed with a bang.

"Whew! That's blanket snow, that is!" cried Jerry and hunched his shoulders and shivered.

"Cold? Come near the fire," his mother bade him, and made as though to unfasten his coat.

"No, don't Mother," he hesitated, "I'll probably have to go out again."

"What's the matter, Jerry? Why—there's no milk in the bucket. What is it, Jerry?"

"Anything wrong, Marie?" the voice of Christian Larsen came from the adjoining room, where he lay recuperating from a severe attack of scarlet fever. Marie touched fingers to lips and motioned knowingly to her son.

"No, Christian," she moved to the door of his room. The reflection from the lamp which the early morning darkness required, made a halo of light about her blond head. He looked at her fondly. How fine she had been through all their trouble.

"You're an angel, Marie," he said.

"Nonsense," Marie smiled back at him, "Now—don't talk. Save your strength. I'll close the door so that we shan't disturb you again."

"Jerry spill the milk?" he wanted to know.

"His bucket's quite empty," she laughed, "Now forget us, and just rest. He nodded sleepily as she tucked the blankets about his shoulders.

ONCE more in the kitchen with the bedroom door

tightly closed, Marie turned to her twelve-year old son.

"Tell me, Jerry."

"I hate to Mother," tears flooded his eyes, he threw himself against her, trying to smother the sob in his voice.

"Now, now," she soothed, "It can't be as bad as all that."

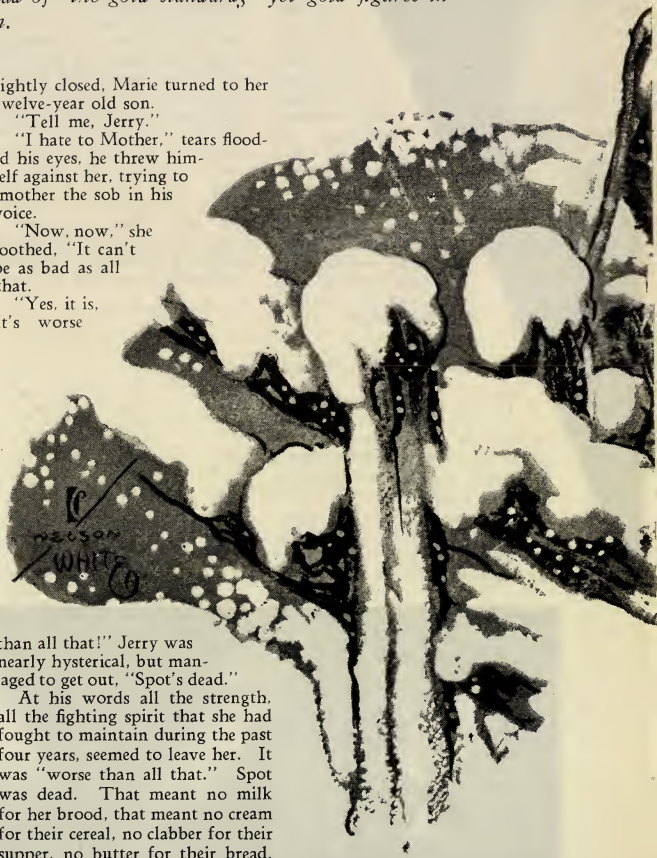
"Yes, it is, It's worse

than all that!" Jerry was nearly hysterical, but managed to get out, "Spot's dead."

At his words all the strength, all the fighting spirit that she had fought to maintain during the past four years, seemed to leave her. It was "worse than all that." Spot was dead. That meant no milk for her brood, that meant no cream for their cereal, no clabber for their supper, no butter for their bread.

That meant that the little money she had made from selling butter would no longer be forthcoming. That meant—and she faced the

thought with terror—that she, a daughter of a Captain in the Danish Army, and Christian, descendant of proud vikings would be





By  
ELSIE PETERSEN

*"It's quite a snow we're having," she tried again.  
"Yes. What do you want?" he asked abruptly, making no pretense at polite conversation.*



Nancy and Donna that breakfast is served."

objects of charity. She closed her eyes to shut back the tears.

"What'll we do?" Jerry was now frankly crying. Marie braced herself. She mustn't let him suffer, too.

"Cheer up, son, things could be a whole lot worse. Father has been spared us, and no matter what else happens, we must be thankful for that. Here—bathe your eyes with cold water, then call your sisters, the oatmeal is nearly cooked. By the time you get home from school at noon, I'll have everything—everything fixed up."

"But we haven't any money, have we Mother?"

"Don't ask questions, young man. Just trust mother—she'll take care of everything. Tell

ONCE the door was closed on her three school children, Marie flashed into action. The dishes, the stove, the floor, the bay window abloom with flowers even in winter—all were attended to in turn. Christian would awake for breakfast at ten, then unless he was considerably better than usual, would sleep until after the children had come for their noon-day meal. That meant that between ten and twelve, she must do something about Spot.

Four years before, Christian Larsen had brought his little family to Blue Lake Valley. They had been among the first of the Utah pioneers to settle there. In June, Blue Lake Valley was a paradise of beauty. Days were hot, nights cool. Crops thrived, newly plowed lands grew green with fresh young sprouts. July and August seemed even more glorious. Wheat stalks rose to a height of

three feet. Tops were heavy with pot-bellied heads. The ground had begun to bulge under smooth white-skinned tubers. Carrots, turnips, cabbages were close to full-bodied maturity.

Then early in September came a frost. Wheat kernels shrivelled, potato plants blackened, the tubers only partially ripe shrank and rotted in the ground. Families who had anticipated winter with granaries and larders brimming with ripened vegetables and full-bodied grains, now faced the possibility of going hungry. Live stock herds were culled to the limit. Only the fat younger stock were kept. But somehow the Christian Larsens, like most of their neighbors came through in good health, eagerly ready to plant new crops.

The second year Spring frosts were late, much planting had to be done twice. The harvests came in light but mature. Again the perils of an Idaho winter had to be faced on terms of strictest economy.

The third summer things had

been better. Crops had been planted early. Summer had been warm. July rains had moistened the warm earth, plants had thrived and matured. Just as harvesting time arrived, and men, women and children were making every effort to gather the bounteous crops, Christian having gone for a new plow knife to the County Seat, where an epidemic of scarlet fever was raging, was seized with that dread disease.

There had been no end to the sympathy extended from her neighbors. Many had offered to stop their own harvesting to come to Marie's help. But so great was the need for bounteous crops, that every man had all he could do to look to his own harvesting.

MARIE surveyed the situation with heart-breaking fear and misgiving. But she faced it frankly, with clear seeing eyes. There was just one thing to do, and she did it. Early and late she was at Christian's bedside nursing him, fearing to leave him, lest he die in her absence. In every spare moment, she would steal out to gather a few buckets of potatoes, a few heads of cabbage, a handful of carrots. Her neighbors had kindly dug a pit, which she and her three children had finally been able to fill. Together she and Jerry had mowed (often by moonlight) enough hay to feed their two horses and cows until Spring.

Winter came early. Marie considering her case, felt that all would be well, if only Christian would recover. Of vegetables—there was aplenty for their winter use. But one of their cows must be slaughtered for meat. The other, "Spot," raised by her and Christian from a calf, she would keep for milking. By strictest economy, she could sell enough butter to supply the few other necessities they would require. Yes, the Christian Larsens could, she concluded, weather the perils of winter without recourse to charity.

Charity—she shuddered at the thought. Proud was she—as proud as her Norse ancestry. Charity she could never willingly accept—neither for self nor for her children, least of all for Christian, who had passed so near death's door. She said a silent prayer of thanks for his recovery—slow as it was.

thanked God for sparing this man who had found her in Denmark—years ago. True—she had given up her people and the luxuries of an army Captain's daughter to come with him to America. Often she thought of it—but never with regret. No—the gold band that marked her marriage finger—the one beautiful gift that Christian had given her—meant more to her than all the luxuries of her former life. It was a symbol of the affection between them—no end to it—a continuous cycle of love.

EVERYTHING had gone as Marie had planned. There had been enough of food and milk. There was even a little jingle of money in the china sugar bowl that had come from the butter Marie had been able to sell. Now—Spot was dead, and her whole scheme

One of their horses? No, they could do with no fewer than two. Hay? There was but enough to last the winter through. She eyed the furniture—shook her head sadly. Certainly no one piece was worth a cow. She thought of her clothes



"Cheer up, son, things could be a whole lot worse. Father has been spared us, and no matter what happens we must be thankful for that."

of things was upset. She tried to forget it as she chatted with Christian over his breakfast. But once he was fast asleep, Marie, as was her wont, faced her situation squarely.

First, she must somehow get another cow. She knew that Olaf Monson would sell her one—if she had money. But she had no money. Yet surely among all their possessions there was one thing that could be done without that was of equal value to a cow. The plow? No, they'd need that soon enough.

—and laughed silently. Yet—once they had been fine enough—back in Denmark before she had met Christian.

Christian—what a furor her marriage to him had caused in her family! Marriage—wedding—she glanced down at her left hand. The wide engraved band gleamed gold. In a flash she was on her feet. No—no—not that! It was the insignia of her marriage. An expression of undying devotion. A—a—yes, it was worth a cow!

(Continued on page 249)



# Concentrated Observation

By JAMES P. SHARP

*Here is an alphabet made out of growing plant life by Mother Nature, the great artificer. These sticks were gathered by the author of this article, a pioneer of Utah, who thinks they represent a good object lesson in "Concentrated Observation."*

TO three men I owe considerable for teaching me, when a mere lad, how to concentrate as well as how to observe. They were, Dick-Moon-Eye, an old Ute Indian, who taught me how to hunt deer which is nothing but observation and then concentration.

The other two (never mind their names, for names mean nothing), were both outlaws with a large reward for them dead or alive. They joined an outfit I was riding for, rode with us a week or ten days to rest their weary horses and left for parts unknown to us. They taught me many valuable lessons.

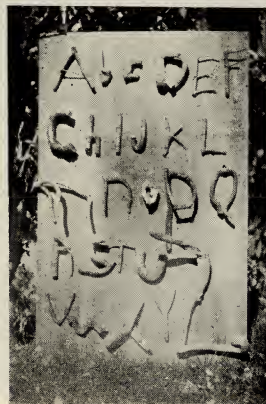
Let me here state that I do not approve of crime in any way, shape or form. It does not pay. Still I can not but admire those two men for the good they did while riding with us. Their lessons I will never forget. All three are now dead.

Collecting the entire alphabet in natural shaped sticks did seem a rather hard task until I remembered some early teachings. Then it was easy.

I found the letters U, S and J. Then accepted a challenge to produce the remaining twenty-three letters.

DAYS I searched for the entire alphabet without finding a single letter. Then I remembered what Dick-Moon-Eye had taught me about hunting deer. His advice was, when a whole band of deer was sighted not to shoot at them collectively, but to single out a special group, and in the group a single deer, take careful aim and pull the trigger.

Dividing the alphabet into sec-



"Nature Writing"

tions I began to look for the letters with straight lines. They were A, E, F, K, and L. The next group —C, D, G, O and Q were harder to find. When all but one of the letters of a group were found, the remaining letter would be placed in the following group and included with letters of that group.

While searching for the letters of a certain group I was always looking for other letters not of the group, but never did I find a single letter this way; just could not seem to find them. Q was the last letter found and that after weeks of close observation.

The lessons I had learned in observation, from my three teachers, stood me well in hand.

Some might wonder what the lessons were that I referred to so I will make reference to two or three, not including the one about deer hunting.

ALL day long we had been riding hard and fast after wild horses. The main band now consisted of between 500 and 600 head of all kinds from aged stallions to young colts. To this number we added daily what we were able to capture.

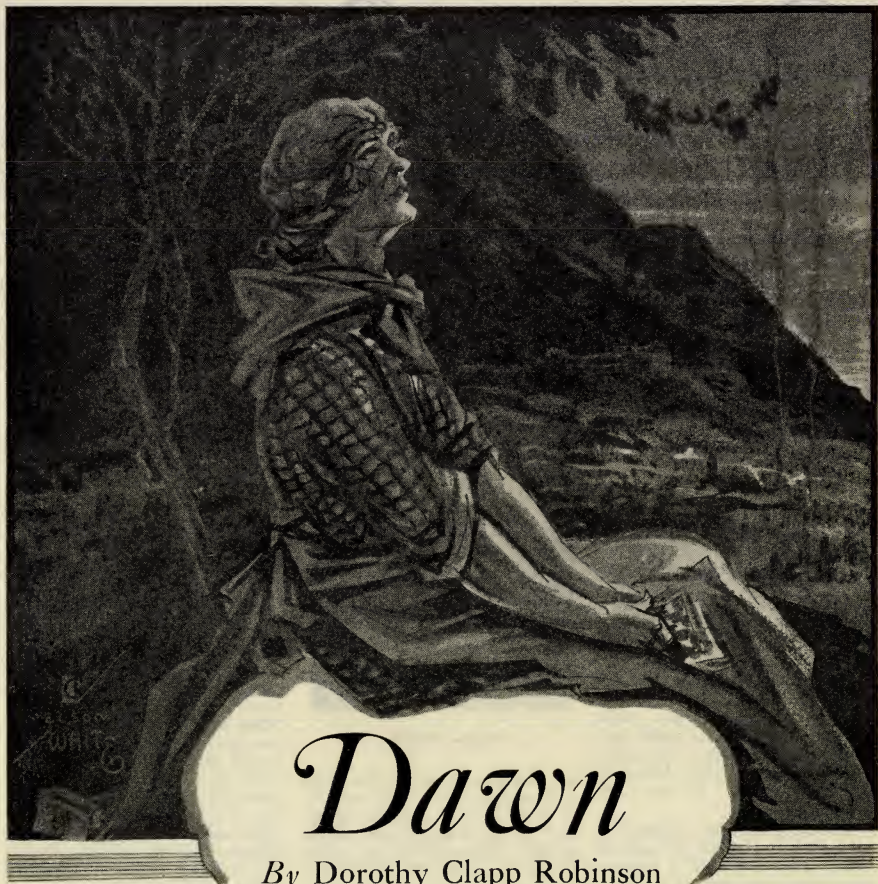
The sun was just setting as we rode into camp. Almost too tired to eat, we sat down. The foreman called off the names of five riders who would have charge of the band from ten at night until about seven next morning. My name was among them. Automatically we arose and caught fresh saddle horses.

At nine-thirty we rode away to relieve the men who were watching the band. About a mile from camp we could see a dark mass of something we knew was horses, for when an extra wild one would get our scent he would snort. A colt would get lost from its mother, send call and get an answer. We neared the band. A rider dropped out and one joined us. Another rider, and here I stopped. I was to relieve one of the outlaws. Seeing me he hung back and whispered quietly, "Change horses with me, kid. I'll night ride for you." I thanked him. Reluctantly he rode away to join the others now fast disappearing.

Here was a man that was willing to night herd for me, and that too, without his supper. I thought about this a great deal.

I remembered what father had told me about hiring out. He told me to do what the foreman told me to do and ask no questions; not to ask for favors; to earn my wages for I was being paid top money. Then I understood what he meant when he said, "The days will be long but the nights longer."

(Continued on page 216)



# Dawn

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

WITH quickening steps Sarah crossed the road upslope and dropped wearily to a large stone which was her rendezvous. She breathed quickly.

Swathing the sky with newborn glory, dawn trembled behind the darkly shadowed mountains to the east. Faintly and very slowly farm houses and timber etched their outlines in the valley below.

Sarah glanced about but with eyes that saw not; and her body though relaxed was motionless as the rock on which she sat. How soothing the silence; like a sacra-

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*Dawn—Sarah was like most mothers even if her husband, fortunately, was not like most men. A bit of organ-die could mean so much . . . but then read the story and contemplate your own "dawn."*

---

ment it could wash the soul of rancor and give strength for another of life's merciless days. She sat and sat.

A belated coyote slunk across the road and into the sage-covered slope behind her. Somewhere a dog barked and was answered by another; then a cow bawled. Her body tensed. Again the silence was broken only by the sleepy mating of birds, but peace was gone. Throwing aside the square of cloth that covered her head she ran her fingers through her hair. The fragrant morning breeze touched her



face and her nostrils dilated. After her feverish night the hour was heavenly. Too heavenly, for soon it would be finished and she would go back to the cows, the disorder, the haggling poverty. She stirred restlessly and a dry sob quivered in her throat.

DAWN spread a n d touched with critical finger her tub-faded dress and rough brown skin. From the pocket of her apron she drew out something she fingered reverently. A collection of fabric samples from a mail order house, pinned together with a price tag. One by one she turned them, examining both sides, holding them up to the light; trying to multiply them into yards and get the proper effect. There were crisp organdies and sheer summery voiles in blues, pinks, orchid, and one green. A soul-satisfying green with yellow flowers and darker green leaves. Someone, especially if she had shining flaxen hair, could be lifted by it out of life into that place where dreams dwell.

Sarah's body laxed. Her eyes grew starry, and they saw now. Even in the dim light they saw up the valley to the two-room school house. They saw the principal's room. They saw it packed with proudly expectant parents and a row of blushing, self-conscious graduates. They saw Grace, her Grace, standing before them all in a crisp green organdie and shining patent leather slippers.

AT this point the picture always faded. The samples dropped from Sarah's nerveless fingers and the aching-present throbbed through her marrow, dulling even her pain. Dreams! Always dreams for her. If Grace gave her part it would not be in that green organdie. Bud had settled that last night.

Timidly, after the children were asleep she had approached him with the samples. Grace was passing with the highest grades in the class. Didn't he think it would be wonderful to get her a lovely dress like this? Grace hadn't had a dress bought just for her—ever. Lucile Baum was sending for the pink and Agnes Dalton had already received hers—orchid it was. For one hard moment he

had fingered the samples while Sarah's heart jerked suffocatingly. The suspense ended, tossing the samples aside he had said:

"You know damn well I hain't got no money fer finery."

"I—I thought you could sell a calf. You could haul it out and be back in three days." It was her last defense and she used it as one knowing its effect.

"All a that to buy a dress!"

When the expected was over she felt so old but numbly defiant. Always before she had withdrawn for the sake of peace but this was a matter of life. A hurt to one's self could be endured but a hurt to one's child's soul was—but why try to explain; butting your head against a mountain only gave one's self a bruise.

"If you have to have one, git somethin' from Hunter's," had been his final shot.

Something from Hunter's! As if she hadn't already fingered each shelf-worn bolt until Mrs. Hunter

groceries and an old debt. The debt had been contracted two years ago when she was sick and they had let the cows go dry.

A tremor ran through her crouched figure. Oh, why hadn't she managed to save some nickels and quarters? Quarters! Grimly she tried to remember when she'd seen one. But she had known this was coming and how she had dreamed of it. This one glorious night when her Grace would stand equal. More even, for she had vision and Sarah knew a woman who would find a place for a school girl to work for her board. Later she would come back to show them, but now, now there must be a green organdie dress and shining black slippers.

From below came shouts and the barking of dogs. She knew it was milking time but still she sat clutching the samples and staring blankly over the emerging verdure to the still shadowed hills. From somewhere, some place, there must come hope and cash.

THE brightening horizon caught her eyes; when one married life was like that; like the dawn, rosy-hued, and pregnant with dreams. Day succeeding dawn was light, glaring, searing sometimes but still sunlight. Then cruelly soon shadows began creeping; shadows of disillusion, of hopes deferred and never-to-be-fulfilled dreams. With the children came courage again and for a time hope. Then tenfold, a million fold the shadows mocked and sneered and strangled. One might even grow calloused to them but for children—flesh of your flesh, heart of your heart, it wasn't fair, oh it wasn't fair. Heartache! Indifferent word, how could it tell of closed heart-chambers whose keys were lost? How could it tell of a dawn that would never rise; of blackness stretching on into eternity? Her face dropped into her hands.

Gradually she became aware of a presence. Raising expressionless eyes she met a man's curious gaze. Freshly-tailored, sitting jauntily astride his horse he stirred strangely among those closed chambers with the forgotten keys.

"Are you in trouble?"

"Trouble? Is there anything else?"



"But Sarah was already running down the slope."

had grown openly insulting to her.

Mrs. Hunter might have given her cash for her butter just once—. In her desperation she had even asked her to; but her question had had its effect also. A cold, stinging effect that dealt with necessary

"Can I help you?"

Her fingers groped and found the samples. Between thumb and forefinger she caressed the green organdie. Her eyes sought the distant mountains, then turned to him again.

"There is nothing you can do."

Reluctantly the man bade his horse move on, then drew rein suddenly.

"Are you Mrs. Evans?"

A gleam of intelligence lighted the dulled eyes.

"Yes, I am Mis' Evans."

"I am Luthie," he explained, "I

have the contract for building the new highway."

Luthie! Highway. Oh, yes, she had heard. Going to make the summit in an hour when it was done.

He went on. "One of my men recommended your butter. I was on my way to see you. I could use four or five pounds a day at first, later I could use more. Do you want to sell it to me?"

THE sun leaped white and glorious over the mountain peak. Sarah crushed the samples. Brown knuckles showed gray.

Breathlessly she stepped near the horse.

"Would you—would you pay me cash?"

Her face strangled the smile that might have come. He nodded understandingly.

"Every day if you wish. I'll get the first today—" but Sarah was already running down the slope.

"I'll have it ready by ten," she called back as she plunged into the cottonwood grove.

Such a glorious morning as it was and in the grove it was still dawn.

## Concentrated Observation

Continued from  
page 213

It began to grow light in the east. The long night was about gone, or was it? The big full moon slowly came over the mountains. I looked at my watch. Placed it to my ear to hear if it was still running. It was, and—twelve ten.

A COYOTE howled near by. Another took it up and then others, until the night was hideous with the howling. A rider was approaching in the blue haze. He rode up to me and stopped. It was the outlaw I had relieved. He said, "I have had my supper, an hour's rest, caught a fresh saddle horse and feel fine. Go in and go to bed. I'll do the rest of the trick for you."

I thanked him and told him what father had said about obeying the boss and the boss had told me to herd and that I was going to stick it out. Then he asked, "What do you do to pass the time?"

"Just think," I answered.

"What about?"

"Everything."

"I thought so. Why not concentrate your thoughts. At night look up and think of your God, the Heavens and the stars. By day look down and observe."

He showed me the North Star—told me how to find it. Showed me the Big Dipper and the Broken Chair. Explained how they revolved around the North Star. Told me where to find Orion and the Indian legend about that great warrior: how he, with his bow and seven arrows, and the assistance of his two faithful dogs, Sirius and Procyon, slew the Great Bull, thereby winning the right to marry

the beautiful princess. How the king had his eyes blinded, but how through the belief in the Great Spirit that his mother had taught him his sight was restored.

He rode away and left me with one eye on the band and the other on the stars; before I realized, it was growing light, I saw a rider approaching. "Mawnin' kid. Boss said when she showed light in the east to let 'em feed out."

It was one of the other night riders speaking. I had learned my first lesson on concentrated observation.

The next day I helped hold the band. At night we rode alone—by day by twos. My companion was the other outlaw. All morning he talked to me about how I

was to live, always a respectable life so that I could look every man I met straight in the eye. Then in the afternoon he said, "Kid, if ever you are tempted to commit a crime, or to be led astray, close your eyes. Form a mental picture of a crowded court room with a stern judge on the bench, the jury in the box and the prosecuting attorney just summing up the evidence, demanding the prisoner be given the limit."

"An aged couple, with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes are listening. They are your parents and you are the prisoner. After seeing all of this then open your eyes and you will be so thankful that you have not committed the crime, that you never will bring anguish and sorrow to your parents through your misdeeds. We are getting too close to civilization so will leave you tonight. Always remember the lessons your parents taught you at home."

They left us that night. I was sorry to see them go. Years later one of these outlaws heard I was in Nevada and came to visit me one night. He seemed pleased to see me again and I know I was glad to see him, and again thank him for his wonderful talk to me.

When the Good Book is opened, each of those men will have at least one clean sheet on the credit side of the ledger for the valuable lessons they taught me. To their departed Spirits I offer my sincerest thanks. May they rest in peace.



"I dare you to a race."

BEHOLD, what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. \* \* \* —John.



# Silver Linings

## CLUES TO CLOTHES

By CLARE W. NOALL

**E**LEANOR, tall, slender and blonde, is looking in her long mirror. She is studying her face, her form, her hair.

Is her motive entirely one of vanity? Hardly! Her mind is on an absorbing but perplexing problem—her clothes.

Both time and money for this purpose are recessive items in her busy life, yet here is a question to be met, and one of no small significance, for Eleanor, a clever girl, realizes full well the effect of a good or bad appearance and the importance of being well dressed. And she is studying herself in relation to that interesting subject.

Pauline is also looking in her mirror. It reflects a striking brunette, aglow with the joy of life. Reasonably enough she is developing in her mind's eye the possibilities of the prevailing color in regard to her figure and coloring, for she too is aware that the matter of dress should be neither fad nor fancy, but fact—worthy of her most serious consideration.

Countless mirrors reflect the thoughtful gaze of as many girls, each intent upon the same subject, for surely blondes, platinum and yellow, tittians and brunettes, and to be sure those of us who are just average every-day plain Janes, if you will, must consider the infinite possibilities in the matter of dress.

Let us make an art of it.

How?

Simply by intelligent consideration and choice.

**S**AVAGES deck themselves in gay and barbarous attire, sometimes for the purpose of frightening others or warding off imagined dangers or evil, and at other times to attract favorable attention. As a matter of fact they succeed remarkably well in doing what they



cultivate that which is charming and appropriate.

Plain Jane may conjure up a beauty as real and sure as blonde Eleanor's or elegant Pauline's if she will but believe in it and find the way to its awareness. There never was a girl who did not possess charm—don't let yours stay hidden. Believe in yourself and gain a sure but quiet respect for the sincerity and earnestness of your own character, and out of this belief you will develop grace and poise. Without it there may be awkwardness and embarrassment. Good taste in dress will emphasize your fine points and will subordinate those which are less attractive. What a gold mine to discover upon self-analysis that clear, fine skin is just as desirable as a patrician nose or lustrous hair; that a fine figure and good carriage offset certain deficiencies in features; and that an expression of good cheer and kindness is lovelier than brilliant eyes, while a considerate manner and a winning smile attract friends when hauteur and pride repel them!

**ARTISTRY** in dress is not achieved without independence, for we must follow neither friend nor fashion-maker beyond the bounds of our own true selves. Happiness is not derived from imitation of any sort but from a gradual integration of one's individual qualities and powers. Therefore envy and discontent, the Scylla and Charybdis on the road to fashion must be passed with head held high and a strong determination not to succumb to their wiles. Economic depression, whose challenge lies in the fact that it brings out true values, is a blessing in so far as it makes us careful and selective.

set out to. Clothes have a decided effect upon one's appearance, influence, and outlook on life also.

It is very important that we gain some knowledge of beauty in clothing, that we shun what is barbarous and grotesque, and that we

So, in planning our wardrobes, let us consider the following points: expenditure within the budget; lines, harmonious to the figure; colors and color combinations becoming to the complexion; and suitability for wearing purposes.

If the budget calls for thrift, let it be so; thrift is extremely fashionable these days, and fashion is a part of our goal. Girls at school or in business, nurses, brides, and housewives certainly do not require the same numbers or type of costume. Think first of the places you go and their frequency, and then decide what you need for general wear, whether it is for school, office or house, and consider your social occasions, formal, informal, or semi-formal. If you are a school girl and have your father's budget instead of your own to consider, cut the number of dresses you think you need in half or in four, according to your acquisitiveness, and do the same with shoes, hats, and accessories. You'll find that you can get along admirably. To be highly suitable to your use and alluring to your finest features, clothes do not have to be costly or too numerous. Clever management should accomplish a good appearance on a small amount of money and free you from that worried look over unpaid clothing bills as well.

HAVING decided upon the number of things necessary to your needs, choose them with due regard to the next point of consideration, line. Sentiment should have no more influence on the cut of your clothes than it has on the budget; the latter is determined by your income, the former by your figure. Either you are tall or short, stout or slender, or again, just medium. With certain modifications to suit the variations of changing fashions you should stay by the same fundamental lines in the cut of your clothes. Do large puff sleeves slenderize a stout girl, or does a boat-shaped neck cover the clavicles of a bony anatomy? Not very well. As a woman matures there is nearly always a tendency to hips, you've heard of the forty-year spread, but it also exists in some girls. Here are a few hints for slimming the appearance of hips. Never let your skirt flare out at the sides, keep the fullness, either from gathers or a circular

cut, at the front and back; long lines in the cut of a garment are good, but hips must have room; if the dress is drawn across the body too snugly it emphasizes both hips and diaphragm; wide shoulders slenderize hips; sleeves with the fullness at the lower part broaden them; a narrow cuff and forearm with the fullness at the elbow or above gives a more slender appearance; surplises are good for both large and small people and they are "in" this season. A bertha softens the shoulders, but if a person is very large it will also widen them. The large or the short person should never indulge in sharp contrasts in material for the blouse and skirt of one dress. You can readily imagine how that would cut the height and increase the size. Solid colors and monochromatic combinations are better for a person of such a figure. A short person should not permit herself to have horizontal lines or an overblouse; they also cut the height. The soft and undulating curve is fashionable this season, rather than the accented line.

Although the emotions should not affect the cost or the cut of your clothes, they could have a decided influence on your selection of materials. Blue serge is miles away from blue velvet; the occasions on which they are worn should be as far apart. But velvet and satin appear at the same gatherings. Which becomes your type? Are you a brilliant metallic sort of person with dark flashing eyes and black hair? You would be stunning in satin. Is your nature deep and more inclined to tranquility? Velvet would be lovely! Its elegance is unquestioned. One person may wear both materials, but it is surprising how one sort will emphasize the natural character-

istics and bring them out, while the other does not, beautiful as it may be.

BECAUSE in his manufacture of goods, man has successfully imitated nature in all the exquisite shades to which the three cardinal colors lend themselves, let us not vie with her by imitating in a single costume the beautiful tone studies in copper and gold, rose-pink and red, mauve, green and blue that one sunset displays to our hungry eyes. Heaven forbid! Nor shall we do so in a single season. Why attempt to rival Joseph's coat of many colors? There is a psychological jolt which is hard to get over if one sees a dress or costume first and the person afterwards. We should dress to express our personalities, not our eccentricities; so let our clothes function as background only. A bright orange ensemble, elaborately trimmed, for instance, is highly bizarre and noticeable; dove gray or navy blue is quiet and in good taste.

Although we may be fortunate enough to have several dresses let us plan them all in accordance with a chosen color scheme for one season. Accent, if you will, with a bright color here and there, and contrast occasionally with your accessories, but whether your shade be blue, green, brown or red, all your costumes should conform or harmonize with one hue. If brown is your selection combine it with rust, beige, copper or orange. Contrast it with green or yellow in your trimmings or accompaniments, such as scarf, gloves or purse. Then, if you wish, you can introduce as the dominant note for the following season some color which you have used in a secondary way at the present moment, such as a dress of a certain color that you have used only in a scarf or as trimming before. You will be able to carry over to good advantage many of last year's clothes without having an ugly or inharmonious color note in your entire ensemble. There is enough variation possible in this plan to avoid monotony from one year to another and yet to be economical by obtaining long wear and good service from your things.

THE important thing is to know your type and select those colors which are aids to your greatest beauty. Here are a few sug-

## Lights

By Frank Steele

LIGHTS, a score of jolly ones,  
Of varied hue and size,  
Shone on the tree, but millions shone  
In my sweet laddie's eyes.

Lights of confidence and trust;  
Of merriment and joy;  
Lights of faith put there by God—  
Faith for a little boy.

Lights, and behind them, dreams,  
Dreams of the man to be;  
Stars in boyhood's firmament  
Glowing with prophecy.



gestions for certain types of complexion which are based primarily on the principle of complementary colors and color blending. The complementaries are pairs of colors which form a complete and perfect contrast, such as blue and yellow, orange and violet, red and green, or black and white. They are the bases for many striking color schemes, but modesty requires careful discrimination in their use. Color blending which is sympathetic to the complexion pays homage to the highlights of beauty. And thus there are two theories of intensifying one's natural coloring, the use of a complementary which accentuates through contrast and the employment of shades which blend harmoniously.

If, for instance, you are Anne Harding's type of ash-blonde with silver-yellow hair, blue eyes, and skin with pink tones, gold, the Norwegian bridal color is sympathetic to your hair, and it forms a wonderful background for it for evening wear, or violet, which is the complementary color is also exquisitely lovely. Repeat the blue of your eyes in necklace or brooch, but certain blues make blue eyes bluer, others turn them green or dull gray; so be careful, blue-eyes, and put depth into your shining orbs by trying your blues against your face before you choose. Many greens are particularly fine for blondes; fetching indeed is a green cloth suit with a scarf of black and white or with a dash of red. Chinese-jade green, however, is utterly devastating for the fair-haired.

If you have golden brown hair, blue eyes and warm skin tones you can wear more vivid tones than if you are of the same color with less dash. Here, as in the choice of materials, your color scheme should bear some relationship to your type. If you are demure, quaint or piquant, a modest color scheme would suit your type while the brighter shades would be suggestive of smartness and self-assurance.

**T**HE girl who has brown hair with chestnut tints and gray blue eyes with warm tan skin tones is a medium brunette. There are myriads of her and she should not be nonchalant about her color. Let there be an outstanding color note for the sake of interest, browns or red for day wear, gold-yellow, geranium-pink, fuschia or lipstick-

red for evening—no pale color except white, and white is unkind to skin imperfections. If you have them admit it, and dress to subdue such a complexion. If your skin is smooth and clear, brown and persimmon are splendid because they will lend a glow to your skin and they will match your hair. This type should not wear black unless she has an exceptionally good figure or skin or sparkling eyes to give it the dash of vitality it needs.

Fortunate indeed is the brunette with black hair revealing brown tints, black eyes, and rich ivory skin with warm coloring, for she is the friend of all colors providing she doesn't over-ride her bump of caution in wearing them.

There is a rare complexion which is utterly entrancing, a delicate black haired type with clear white skin and dark violet-blue eyes, in reality a blonde with black hair. Pink will bring out the color of this skin, blue or violet the color of the eyes and black or white will enhance the blue-blackness of the hair.

In this age a variety of colors is open to the titian; soft gray is a good background for such vivid beauty; copper and rust are sympathetic to auburn hair and frame the face to bring out the glow of the skin, and green is the contrasting color which Titian always used when painting such women. For evening some shades of pink and red are marvelous, strawberry, for example, but blue—never!

**S**O far, so good—but how are we going to achieve the art of dress? With careful planning, wise buying, fastidious upkeep, and in addition, perfection in grooming. Without the latter quality any effort towards good appearance is futile. And upkeep is very important—if old clothes are kept

well pressed and very clean they will look far better than an unkempt garment of more modern extraction.

To sew, or not to sew, is another question. The answer—sew at times by all means, if you have the knack of it. Its greatest advantage lies in its money-saving powers, but economy of time is a consideration and waste is a pity; so if you find after adequate experimentation that you are not succeeding very well in what you are attempting you might as well take advantage of the products of the machine age. At times it is just as cheap, or cheaper to buy ready made than it is to make at home. But there are some remarkable bargains to be picked up on remnant tables and in short lengths. There might be so little difference in the shade of two short pieces that one dress could be made from them. A brighter note in the trimming, which one might possibly have on hand, would make the difference in two lengths almost negligible, and a good silk dress could be obtained at a cost as low as two dollars. Remnants of brown and tile flat crepe would combine to make a very beautiful dress at half the price that a piece off the bolt would cost.

**M**OREOVER there is more leeway in home dressmaking to work out a chosen color scheme if expense is an important item, for when cost is a consideration one is dependent upon the bargain rack, and it may be unfriendly to a preconceived plan. Suppose, for instance, that you have selected gray, which is just coming into high favor, for your next outfit. It might be comprised of a dress of gray plaid wool with a touch of brown worked into it, a three-quarter gray coat, trimmed with caracul, and a belt and hat matched in the slight browns of the plaid. A gray dress with a pin line stripe would be at home in this ensemble. For afternoon you might have either garnet-red or brown because gray is a neutral color. Or if you are combining brown with beige or green, a brown trimmed detachable cape on the coat would harmonize with a brown frock.

Coats are not so difficult to fashion as you might imagine; many beautifully tailored ones are made at home at remarkably low cost. And by the way, have you ever seen one of those stunning knitted

## The Mantle of Time

By Bryce W. Anderson

**T**HE mantle of Time on the shoulders of Youth

Is a blanket of brightest hue.  
It is painted by vision and lightened by hope.

For its world has been woven anew.

But the mantle of Time on the shoulders of Age

Is gray with the dust of the years,  
And heavy with burdens of deeds undone  
As the yawning grave-edge nears.

suits which can be made at a fraction of the price for which one could order or buy one? With patience and a determination to finish what you start, you could make one in about six weeks' spare time. Yarn works up in gorgeous combinations. Just picture this three piece suit-skirt and blouse of apple-green, jacket, a lace-knit, done in brown. The skirt is plain; the blouse has a group of diagonal stripes in brown and lemon, running from shoulder to hip, achieved by knitting the entire blouse diagonally. Very, very smart! How

would you like a brown suit with orange collars and cuffs, copper buttons, and a brown suede belt with a copper buckle? If you can knit there is an open invitation; books of exact directions are easily obtainable, and traveling demonstrators or department store teachers are at your service.

Just one more clue to your clothes—they deserve but one place in life, background. Important as they are, they should assume their relative position in regard to the many absorbing interests that

abound on every hand. Through a wise choice of clothing we may attain that satisfactory feeling of being well dressed, and thus free ourselves from all clothes-consciousness, a very necessary aspect in the art of dressing. It is extremely unpleasant to see a person continually fussing with her dress, hair, or lipstick, or to be with one who thinks clothes to the exclusion of all other subjects. And so, having chosen, forget your clothes and be free to follow other worth while pursuits.



## What Will You Do With Your Leisure?

Continued from  
page 198

munity singing to combat the thrills that the gang members get from crime. With this in mind, many of the child's activities can be explained: his balancing, climbing, sliding down roofs, playing with matches, building block houses; and, later, stealing fruit, and second-story jobs. Perhaps many of our drinking bouts and carousing parties of modern city life can be explained in the same way.

Crime is largely participated in by the youth of the land, but the cause of crime must be laid at the door of a short-sighted community which fails to provide the youth with a legitimate object for which to struggle.

The third choice, our alternative to boredom—spectatoritis, breakdowns and crime—is creative arts—driving personal enthusiasms in vocations and avocations. The inability of the spectator to act in an emotional situation causes a condition analogous to shell shock, where fighting was impersonal and where the individual had little chance to fight even for his own life. The slow-moving bovine type of individual does not get shell shock, nor will he suffer much from spectatoritis. However, the highly sensitive, keen individual, upon whose shoulders rests the progress of civilization, is the one to be vitally affected. He is one of a large class who are today victims of spectatoritis shock. Recuperation is acquired in sleeping, plus the many short periods of glide during the day, together with those longer, occasional glides tied up with personal enthusiasm, at which time the body is integrated through

action, uninhibited by pent-up emotions which leave us nervous wrecks at the end of many great spectacles.

THE Greeks, at the downfall of their country, were characterized as a class of useless athletes and an unethical nation of spectators. It was then that professionalism and over-specialization arose. By the close of the fifth century, activities for all had been abandoned in place of professional displays. History strangely repeats itself; we are today reenacting the age of Xenophon and Euripides—the number of spectators increases, the number of participants decreases. But Greece did develop for the few that answered the challenge a Golden Age of art.

We may learn some of our lessons from the Orient where culture dates to the very dawn of history. The interpretation given to the few centuries B. C. by Mei Lan-Fang show a richness hitherto unknown to us. The vases of the Sun Period, tenth to thirteenth centuries, and the sculptures of the sixth century show us a freshness and color, grace and inspiration.

In the creative arts of the Indians of our Southwest, we see a partial answer to our old problem. Here we see a group of people in some ways conquering their conquerors, as Greece conquered Rome. These Indians, in esthetics, ethics, and social culture, surpass the white civilization. They failed in material development. Our material success may lead to our entire destruction. It will be many generations before it has been actually proven that material progress really

conquers. It may be that with the next turn of the wheel the people rich in esthetics and social culture will be the conquerors.

This life of the Southwest, especially as represented in the Pueblos, Navajos, Hopis, and others in old Mexico, represents civilization in which *leisure was used for art and craftsmanship*. These did not consist merely of a whimsical decoration; the designs were all tribal symbols, representing the forces of nature—lakes, mountains, rain, wind, birds. This civilization has resisted the machine. Primitive life has much to teach that which today we call civilization.

We need not wait to live. Our philosophy has been too much: save and slave now, live later. Wealth is to use; leisure is to use. The happy man will be the one who does not wait to go to Rio, but goes now.

The happy man, the healthy man, the normal man and the busy man are one, busy but not cramped, active but with sufficient glide for recuperation. The happy man will be the one who is cultivating cacti, making a rock garden, raising Jersey cows, sculpturing, painting, building a boat, building a cabin up the river, cultivating roses, looking for dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert, hunting ice caves in New Mexico, weaving, playing the violin, writing a book, having a supreme personal enthusiasm.

From this great world the spectator must be excluded. He has built the wall between himself and happiness. He must go round and round in endless flight. This endless flight is characterized by phys-



ical exhaustion, where he finds it impossible to stop. He cannot arrive and there is no joy in the process. The doer, the creator, the hobbyist, keeps pursuing; he never arrives.

Which of these three alternatives will you, with your rich heritage, accept? Will you take the easy path and let someone act for you and hence face a living death? Will you take the crime alternative and face social death? Or will you accept the path of perpetual youth?

YOUTH means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the life of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the hearts and turn the greening spirit back to dust. Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human-being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching child-like appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central part of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies, you are old. In the central part of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy on your soul!

Youth is a quality of eagerness, a looking forward. At a recent luncheon at the Canadian Club, Grenfell of Labrador said, "My people keep happy. Life is worth while as long as there is hope ahead." Hope is a ray of light, something new, joy in living to-

day, but living more tomorrow. This is so well expressed by K. W. Baker:

"There's a mellow light just over the hill,  
And somewhere a yellower daffodil.  
And honey, somewhere, that's sweeter  
still.

"And some were meant to stay like a stone,  
Knowing the things they have always  
known,  
Sinking down deeper into their own.

"But some must follow the wind and me,  
Who like to be starting and like to be free,  
Never so glad as we're going to be!"

IT is the age-old "I'd like to roll to Rio some day before I'm old," and the glorious thing is that as long as he wants to go to Rio he never grows old. The individual who is a doer in perfecting skills, in meeting new situations, or in enlarging his emotional boundaries is he who finds the fountain of youth. The eagerness of men like Dr. William Burnham, who has just passed his seventy-sixth birthday, eagerness to meet new problems, see new people, write a new book, is a living inspiration to thousands of us to keep growing, to keep young. The doer builds the body strong and vigorous, develops skills, which not only satisfy his hunger but lay the foundation for life interests. The doer is anxious to meet new problems and learns to see virtue beneath the

skin, whether it be black, yellow or white. The spectator is satisfied as he shrivels up in the grandstand or before the radio, snug in his belief that everything can be bought and that nothing is worth while unless it costs money. "I need to let down," he rationalizes, and pays the price—first in money, then in death. He is dead even though he may cheat the florist and the undertaker for fifty years.

To keep young means to keep on living—it means meeting life.

The meeting of this leisure time with a supreme personal enthusiasm will, in early life, be largely a personal matter. It may be an individual hobby which is carried on largely for one's own satisfaction, but if the full life is to be lived, these hobbies must make your community a richer place in which to live. Hence, many of them will be socialized. This challenge or struggle must have to do with community welfare, public works. You may not be able to locate a new planet, make a compound microscope, work out laws of relativity, but you can lead a Scout troop, serve on the committees of your Improvement Associations, teach a Sunday school class, organize a hike, or serve your community as a public official. All this can be done from the standpoint of satisfying one's desire to meet new situations, to solve new problems, and to serve. Public office must be thought of in terms of serving the group, not grafting from the group. In the highest sense, then, this use of leisure time must somehow be tied up to a religious ideal, a religion of service, a religion which has at its very depth increasing of the opportunities for fullness of living. It is only by helping others to live fully that one can himself enjoy the full life.

You young people of the Mormon Church have been handed a brightly burning torch. It has been kept alive by your forefathers for ages. You must hand that torch on to the next generation. Not only during the hours of work, but during the hours of leisure, you have the opportunity to make this torch burn brighter or to let it flicker and fade. That you will make of your leisure an opportunity to serve the group I have not a single doubt. May you do it in a worthy manner and be a guiding star to other communities.

## Honesty

By Donald A. Fraser

THE Rock on which Good Business rests

Is Honesty, plain Honesty:  
The only base which stands all tests  
Is Honesty, yes, Honesty!  
Some others answer for a while;  
Great structures bear in flashy style,  
But, soon or late, they're just a pile  
Of ruins spread ingloriously!

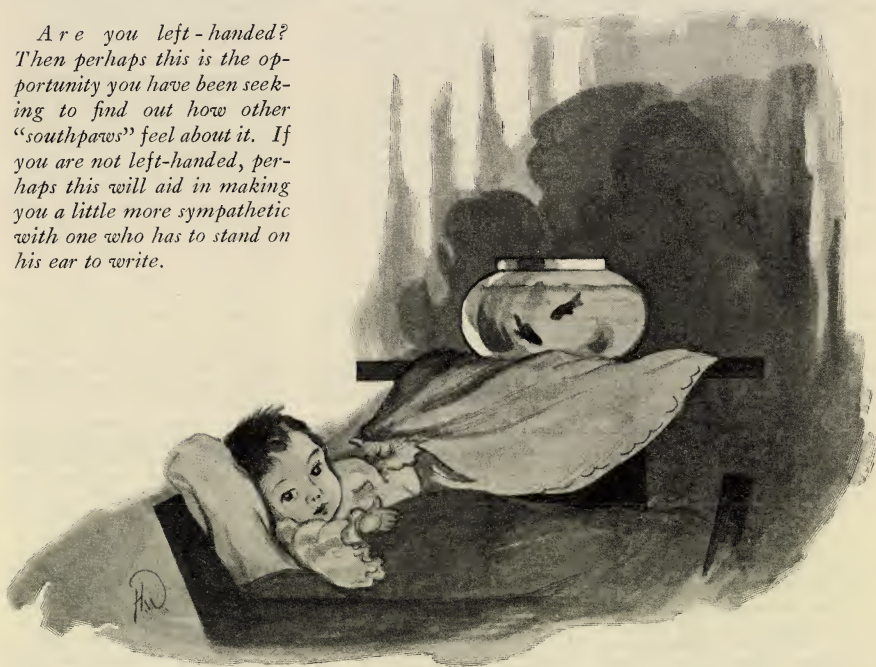
The Sharper and the Scoundrel scorn  
This Honesty, God's Honesty;  
It makes no noise; it blows no horn,  
Does Honesty, true Honesty;  
It's far too tame for them, and slow;  
It will not follow where they go,  
And yet they crave its fame, and so  
They ape it in their villainy!

Then, if you've found a Business fair,  
Use Honesty, clean Honesty!  
And as you go keep on the square  
With Honesty, sound Honesty;  
Success will grow amid the din,  
For Honesty is Truth's own twin,  
And Truth is bound to see her win;  
They'll help you to the mastery!

# On Being a Southpaw

By LLOYD LEHRBAS

*Are you left-handed? Then perhaps this is the opportunity you have been seeking to find out how other "southpaws" feel about it. If you are not left-handed, perhaps this will aid in making you a little more sympathetic with one who has to stand on his ear to write.*



I'M left-handed. When I was a wee pink bundle of blessed event I began reaching for things with my south paw and I've continued to go through Life reaching for the right things with the wrong hand. Whether that is a heritage from some long-forgotten ancestor, or whether it was because my left eye was better than my right eye and I, accordingly, reached for whatever I saw best, is a problem of human development that psychologists are still pondering about.

The point remains that I am left-handed and it is a great deal worse than having perpetual

whooping cough, the seven years' itch, seasonal hay fever, the haunting desire to pen the Great American Novel, or any other annual or semi-annual affliction. I'm *always* left-handed.

And since this is a right-handed world (96 per cent of humanity is right-handed, according to the authorities on handedness) ruled by and for right-handed people, we poor retiring southpaws are as inconspicuous and comfortable as a goldfish with the fleas.

The right hand is always right and the left hand is always wrong.

**TOOLS** and instruments of all kinds, sporting equipment,

automobiles and airplanes, traffic regulations, telephones, table manners . . . practically everything is designed for the benefit of those lucky enough to have been born right-handed. Southpaws just have to struggle along as awkwardly and best they can.

Clothing is made to be buttoned or fastened with the right hand. To appear in public unbuttoned simply isn't being done this year. From the cradle southpaws have been forced to train right hands to perform such tasks even though it necessitates grotesque and double-jointed appearing contortions.

Dinners, to a southpaw, are trials by eating. The knives, forks,



spoons and other implements are all laid wrong. Half of the time you get into the wrong butter dish and the other half you pick up your neighbor's rightful glass of water. You must do sleight-of-hand tricks to cut your meat, switch knife or fork, and convey it to your mouth without punching the lady or gentleman on your left in the ribs, interfering with his or her elbow exercises and cutting your own throat. Apologies are received coldly and apologies always arouse wonder as to why your hostess invited you in the first place and, since you are there, why she doesn't have you eat in the kitchen.

IF you are a mezzo-brow and patronize the arm-chair lunch-rooms you discover that they have the stationary trays on the wrong side of the chair. And if you use the tray on the chair next to you (as I invariably do) you are scowled at by the manager, fellow customers, and bus boys.

Good friends object to your using their fountain pens on the score that you make the pen-points cockeyed.

It's impossible for me, in addition, to tie a decent bow tie. No left-handed wearer of bow ties has ever taught me the trick of tying one backwards. As a result I have to buy ready-tied bows and am in deadly terror that it will become unhooked or slip and leave me in the middle of the dance floor with that half-naked feeling and a giggling debbie in my arms.

Automobiles being designed as they are, and traffic rules and regulations being what they are, I am never comfortable except when motoring in those sane European countries that sensibly decree that you drive on the left-hand side of the street.

Left-handedness seems to cause, whether from heredity or environment, left-earedness and telephone receivers are unquestionably on the wrong side of the telephones. To try to make a memo or put down a number while using a telephone left-handed is one of the marvels of contortionistic juggling.

TO play golf I have to have a left-handed set of clubs and even then when I appear on a course other players look at me out of the corner of their eyes certain that I will tear up half of the turf.

Under the circumstances I frequently do.

Writing systems were devised by right-handers for right-handers and as none of the systems work backwards I 'just wrote' and to-day still write like a nine-year old.

On the subway or in a street car if I reach for a strap with which to escape the perils of the sports I always get the one next to the one I should have gotten and am favored with frigid Irish looks from all the understanding lady strap-handers.

Whatever I do with my left hand always appears awkward and a signal for unrestrained laughter from everyone within focus. People invariably stare at me when I am writing and say: "Isn't that just too funny!" . . . and then further embarrass me by asking silly questions. . . . do I read the wrong way? . . . do I ever jab myself with the fork? . . . do I "hold hands" that way?

Like every other left-hander I was always "an erratic southpaw" when I tried to play baseball. In football the coach and captain would never trust me to kick because I used my left foot.

If I take a lady fair home in a taxi on a glamorous moonlight night she, naturally, gets in first and takes the far seat. That puts me (and all us left-handers) at a

grave disadvantage. I know several southpaws who are still lonesome bachelors as a result of that.

CULLING their information from Sunday illustrated magazine supplements, the half-baked theories of freak psychologists, or remembering some of the superstitious relics of the Dark Ages when all left-handers were considered unlucky, human ill-omens, and eccentric curiosities, also makes it very, very difficult for us southpaws. Many would-be half-wits are always attempting to be clever at the expense of the unfortunate portside.

Bumptiously showing off their Book of Knowledge cultural attainments they insinuate that southpaws are sports of nature, erratic, bull-headed, unconventional, unfortunate, very likely to have strange peculiarities of behavior, and stammer or stutter. We are really no crazier than the average, but we have a difficult time proving it.

Once I met a lady who seemed to understand.

"Left-handed people are all supposed to be geniuses," she exclaimed, coyly.

I grinned my best grin. ". . . and all geniuses, of course, are crazy," she continued, still coyly.

Just another of the too-many-people.

And only a few nights ago I was at a dinner where a nitwit persisted in showing off his dictionary reading by describing left-handedness in terms of 'sinister,' and 'sinistral,' and other unfair derivatives.

The flighty dame next to me grinned goofily but incomprehendingly until a bright idea suddenly exploded in her miniature brain.

"Oh, yes, the bar sinister," she exclaimed, looking at me with pity. "That's too bad!"

What's a southpaw going to do?

## A Moment of April

AROUND the brows of mountains white clouds shape themselves in vast and varied rhythms, while lagard fragments drift across wide spaces of blue sky and fuse themselves into weird, half-animate forms. A little breeze trips buoyantly along the ground, then lifts itself in riotous joy, and whirls away into the upper air. In the top branches of a dead tree a meadow lark trills.—Floy L. Turner.

## Homing

By Gladys Hendrickson

I KNOW a place  
Where violets are growing  
In moist, dark earth  
Beneath an aspen tree.

I know a stream,  
And through its rapid flowing  
Its restless soul  
Is calling out to me.

High in the hills  
A cabin light is gleaming,  
Through silent pines  
The moonlight's sifting down;

And there's a field  
Of mountain iris, dreaming.  
Do you recall, love,  
That it matched my gown?

Now winter's gone  
My dreams fly with the swallow  
Back to a fragrant, clear,  
Star-kindled dawn—

I'd give my all  
To let my footsteps follow  
And be at home  
With springtime coming on.

# Editorial

## Knowledge Must be Used

**I**T is not what you eat that benefits you, but what you digest. What you hear today is of no use to you unless you put it into practice. Somebody has said, and I have often repeated it: "Knowledge without practice is like a glass eye—all for show and nothing for use."

It is all right to look as well as you can; but a glass eye is of no optical value. Likewise, knowledge is of no value unless you put it into practice. All the teaching in the world, unless the individual is living that which he teaches, will not carry the spirit of right action. It does not carry with it the weight; it does not really touch the hearts of those who listen.

It is the spirit that gives life. When we are living the Gospel of Jesus Christ we have the spirit and the people feel it.



## The Word of Wisdom

**O**NE hundred years ago the Word of Wisdom was announced and published to the world by Joseph Smith, then 28 years of age. During the century which has passed the Word of Wisdom has been preached in practically every land under the sun. The remarkable pronouncement follows:

*Revelation to Joseph Smith the Prophet given February 27, 1833.* A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the church, and also the saints in Zion. To be sent greeting: not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days. Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints who are or can be called saints.

*Reason for Revelation*—Behold, verily thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation.

*Alcoholic Drinks*—That in as much as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him. And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make. And,

again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

*Tobacco*—And, again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

*Hot Drinks*—And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.

*Fruits and Vegetables*—And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man. Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.

*Meat*—Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

*Grains*—All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; and these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger. All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground—nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

*Rewards and Promises*—And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen.—

*Doctrine and Covenants.*

## Let's Send More Valentines

**H**ISTORIES of famous men seldom, if ever, include the biography of Valentine, better known as Saint Valentine. Encyclopedias recall him vaguely, seeming to consider him more or less unimportant, though most of them give him a little space. One mentions him as a monk; one suggests that he is probably identical with a Roman priest who was martyred on February 14, 271; another says that many old saints were named Valentine; and one that a very religious man named Valentine who lived many centuries ago was so good to the people that they called him a saint, and so the name has come down. The latter explanation of the man and his claim



# Editorial

to fame is one which is perhaps as authentic as the rest, and far more interesting, for it makes clear the reason for a Valentine Day such as we have.

Valentine's day is a peculiarly lovely celebration. On Christmas and birthdays we exchange material gifts; receiving them and knowing the donors we thank them in our most polite style. The charm of the Valentine is its anonymous enchantment, together with the fact that the offering itself is of far less value than the sentiment it carries. The sentiment itself is the Valentine—the object bearing it, if there is one—is merely a vehicle. A delightful thing it would be if everyone would send Valentine thoughts to everyone else one knew and loved, for with such thoughts would go the best impulses of the soul and sincere wishes for the happiness of others. An intangible gift is an immeasurable gift, for it cannot be translated into terms of money value, or compared intrinsically with other gifts. It cannot tarnish, for it is not susceptible to the influences which might wear it away. It cannot wither or decay, for it is kept fresh in memory.

Because this is a year when people are in need of food and clothes and fuel, it follows of necessity that it is a year when they are more than ever in need of things of the spirit. Cheer, courage, love—all these they need to help them live above their other needs. Valentine's Day is the logical time to proffer such gifts. To all about us, let us send more Valentines.

To a mother who is weary with the multiplicity of duties which are hers, send a word of cheer, and a promise to help with the darning during the months between now and another Valentine's Day. To the sister whose clothes we might have borrowed, give a heart-shaped card and a heart-felt resolution to leave her things alone. To the friend whose devotion and companionship we have taken for granted, send a flower or card, and a word of thanks—for thanks we should give to those who endure our shortcomings and love us because of them, as well as in spite of them. To a fortunate girl who is more popular than we, send a note expressing happiness in her happiness. To a successful man, a word of congratulation; to an unpopular girl, a warm wish for the coming true of all her wishes; to an unsuccessful man, a card commending something he has said or been or done. If we want our Valentine to be more definite in its nature—a plant, a flower, a box of candy or a jar of honey, let it be sent in connection with the other, the intangible Valentine. Long after the plant or flower has withered, the candy turned into calories and the honey into energy, the recollection of the warmth which attended the Valentine moment will survive, and grow as time goes on.

The day of February 14 is generally accepted as Valentine's Day. If we learn to send messages of happiness on that day, it will not be long until

we will have developed the habit of sending them on other days. The Scout's daily good turn is a sort of Valentine. Taking a bowl of broth or a loaf of home-made bread to a neighbor is another. One woman, well beloved and lovingly spoken of by all who know her, keeps close at hand a box of cards, that she might write and send pleasant messages to people when the impulse stirs her to action. She might well call it her Valentine box, whether she mails them in February or November. Another woman keeps a list of birthdays of all her acquaintances, and on the various days, her voice or note is first to wish them many happy returns. Hers is a Valentine habit.

Beginning in February, and extending through every month of the year, let's send more Valentines.—E. T. B.

## Results of Character Writing Contest



Mrs. Grace V. Price

AFTER a careful examination of the specimens of penmanship sent in by the women of the Church, Mr. Lisle Smith, handwriting expert of Salt Lake City, awarded the prizes as follows:

First Prize, six Oregon Trail Half Dollars, to Mrs. Grace Valentine Price, Brigham City, Utah;

Second Prize, four Oregon Trail Half Dollars, Laura Starkey Butts, Evanston, Wyoming;

Third Prize, two Oregon Trail Half Dollars, Wanda Stowell, Pocatello, Idaho.

As a result of this contest, *The Improvement Era* declares Mrs. Price to be the champion character writing expert of the Church. She says in a letter to the editors: "I had lots of practice as clerk in the office of the Central States Mission, but that was ten years ago."

There were forty entrants from various sections of the Church. We thank all who participated for their support of the contest, and we say to each one that in the eyes of some people, your writing might have been the best, for, after all, the personal element enters largely in judging a contest of this sort. Following is Mrs. Price's specimen:

*We stand for the enrichment of life, through constructive use of leisure, and personal service to fellow man.*

Watch for the Photographic Contest announcement.

# P O E T R Y

## Keepsakes

By Estelle Webb Thomas

*I*N a little lacquered box,  
Quaint and very old,  
With a dragon on the lid,  
Ebony and gold;

Grandma has an ancient watch  
Set with jewels rare,  
And a heavy signet ring  
And a lock of hair.

There are letters, ribbon-tied,  
Writing faint and fine;  
And 'neath powdered rose-leaves, one  
Lacy valentine.

## Words

By Miranda Walton

*W*ORDS are such wonderful things,  
They carry us far on ecstasy's  
wings;  
They flash on our souls like a crystalline  
shower.

Lighting us pictures of beauty and power.  
As These,———

Still sapphire seas beneath a silver sun,  
The lazy light revealing a golden galleon;

A limpid lake of emerald jeweled in a ring  
of pine,  
The crystal gem revealing the blue of col-  
umbine;

Dusk, when mauve and purple blend to a  
sable night;  
The lotus flower unveils her face before  
the moon's white light;

Dark green of fir against a sunless sky  
Where, circling ever southward, the loons  
and grey gulls fly;  
Words are such beautiful things.

## Friendly Magic

By Beulah Rose Stevens

*I*'M thinking of something,  
That won't weigh a mite.  
Its dainty rose-color  
With flashes of white.  
To glimpse it a minute  
Makes happiness glow;  
And often a good friend  
'Twill make of a foe.

It costs not a penny  
It stays not a minute,  
But oh, the good cheer  
And kind fellowship in it!  
It makes weary hearts  
Beat warmly awhile—  
This gay, friendly Magic  
That we call A Smile.

## Unfolding

By Carlton Culmsee

*A* SMALL white flower, swiftly open-  
ing,  
Caught your eye in the dusk last night,  
And while you stood there bending over it,  
Murmuring in your awed delight,

I scarcely could believe that once  
You seemed so brisk, efficient, cool,  
I called you only a cold machine  
And called myself a headlong fool

For loving you. But ever since  
You too unfolded in my eyes,  
Revealing hidden fragrant warmth,  
I know that I was blindly wise.

## Since You Went Away

By Elsie C. Carroll

*E*MPTY arms  
That reach in vain  
For a little body,  
Soft and warm.

Aching heart  
That waits in longing  
For the nestle  
Of a shining little head.

Loving lips  
That hunger every hour  
For kisses  
From a dimpling face.

Listening ears  
That strain to hear  
A prattling voice  
And toddling step.

Burning eyes  
That see you ever  
Though you are  
Not here.

Saddened years  
That stretch  
So endlessly ahead  
Beyond your tiny grave.



"The Sleeping Woman"

## Gifts

By Watene Makaia

*A*H, would that I could gather jewel  
flowers,

The pearls of mist, the opals of the dew,  
And hold with sapphire glow of noon-day  
hours

Dawn's ruby hues:

Ah, would that I could grasp the diamond  
stars,

And seize the silver moon-beams from  
the moon,  
And wrest the gold from out the sunset  
bars

To give to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Celestial gifts, gifts fit for gods these be.  
But such I'd never ask, beloved, of you—  
A greater boon give me than gods could  
grant me  
—Your love so true!

## Singing Hearts

By Bess Foster Smith

*M*USIC that lifts from the heart that  
is glad  
Tunes its rhythm to dancing feet,  
But music that comes from the heart that is  
sad  
Sings a melody strangely sweet—

For glad song is music of butterflies  
Naturally bursting the worn out shell,  
While sad song is music of Love as it tries  
To release a soul from its prison cell.

## After Awhile

By Lula Greene Richards

*L*OVED One: While you were with  
me day by day,  
Ere summoned you obedient bravely left,  
Venturing upon a new, unknown, mysteri-  
ous way.

I had no dread of being thus bereft.  
Wisdom was yours to lead and safely guide.  
I walked and served and worshipped at  
your side.

Loving, beloved, trusting and unafraid,  
Learning high laws by which true lives  
are made.

A contest entered like a stifling dream!  
Rigid and stern its heavy siege was laid—  
Death posed as victor—Love still reigns  
supreme.

Realms of eternal light you now behold,  
Intelligence not yet with me to share,  
Celestial glories boundless works unfold—  
Help me to wait and patiently prepare.  
Angelic influence over me maintain—  
Rouse me from sloth—let error not be-  
guile.

Dearest: Our Pledge—the prize—let us  
together gain.  
Sweet, pure, immortal! After a little  
while.



# Book Reviews



## "Humanity's Greatest Need"

By HUGH McCURDY WOODWARD, Ph. D.

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London)

DR. HUGH M. WOODWARD, professor of Philosophy of Education at Brigham Young University, has long been much enamored of the religions set forth by the world's great religious leaders. Having taught theology in his home institution for many years and philosophy at the University of Washington, at Seattle, and on the University Afloat, with which he encircled the globe taking opportunity to study the world's various teachings at first hand in the countries where the various philosophies flourish, he decided to crystallize his thinking by writing a book. The result is "Humanity's Greatest Need," a volume of 321 pages, published in book form by Putnam and serially in part in the magazine called "World Unity."

The dedicatory passage in the book, in a way, answers the question, "What is humanity's greatest need?" It reads: "Dedicated to the Increase of Tolerance to a Better Understanding Between People and Races and to the Rising Tide of World Unity."

Early in the book, in the second chapter, in fact, the author introduces the masters of religious philosophy whom he expects to discuss, and sets forth the idea that all have a common message. He believes that the differences which have arisen among men are due to the fact that followers of the masters often forget the teaching and begin worshipping the man instead. As a result jealousies arise which bring about dissension and strife. This division was made all the more easy in ancient times on account of lack of free distribution of the printed word. Men viewed the teachings of the strange leader through the mist of hearsay.

The masters introduced in the volume are: Guatama Buddha, Jesus of Nazareth, Confucius, Lao-Tze, Krishna, Zoroaster. "To single out these six men is not even to suggest that they represent the only great teachers," Dr. Woodward continues. "There are many other master minds among the Chinese, the Hindus, the Jewish prophets, the Grecian school, as well as modern philosophers whose teachings carry the same great message. These men have been chosen because

they have become the inspiration of great world systems representing high moral philosophies and deeply spiritual religions."

Dr. Woodward declares that all of these men point the way to the "good life," and that the way, with all of them, is very similar. He maintains that it is only natural that there should not be six or more ways to happiness, but only one way, since the moral laws of the universe are as exact as the physical laws. His conclusion is that when teachers of our day come to understand that it is their work and their duty to build into every individual the power to live a rich, beautiful life, that education will become the chief business of mankind.

The volume is stimulating in its effect upon the reader. It has received enthusiastic welcome from the readers of the magazine "World Unity" in which parts of it have appeared, and from reviewers of the book in many parts of the country.

Dr. Woodward's training has prepared him for the writing of such a volume. He has evidently approached his task in the spirit of the great masters—a spirit of tolerance and reverence for good and a desire to expound and promote the "good life," and that "Life abundant" of which Jesus so frequently spoke.

## "A Romance of Old Fort Hall"

By MINERVA KOHLHEPP TEICHERT

(Metropolitan Press, Portland, Oregon, 1932)

BUILT under the direction of Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, Old Fort Hall, on the shores of the winding Snake River, was a stopping place along the historical Oregon Trail, a rendezvous for Indians and trappers alike. Romance was mixed into its adobe walls and stirred up from the dust of the plains surrounding it.

The Old Fort has long since passed away. Even its exact location might easily have been forgotten had not the site been recently marked while yet old timers could tell where the old walls ran.

Out of the fabric made up of the Old Fort, the Bannock Indians, the immigrants, and the desperadoes which once added color to the famous "bot-toms", Mrs. Teichert, a pioneer artist

of the Fort Hall region has woven a story that is stranger than fiction and much more interesting.

Those who read "A Romance of Old Fort Hall" will long remember the tragic figure of Sam O'Geem, his broken-hearted young wife, and Sally Ann and Captain Jim.

Shunted to the Idaho State Penitentiary for a crime he did not commit, Sam O'Geem, a son of a white father and mother both of whom met tragic deaths, reared by Captain Jim and Sally Ann, both Indians, stalks through the story like some heroic tragic figure of fiction.

Mrs. Teichert, a resident of the "bot-toms", wife of a cowboy-soldier, has mingled her own experiences with those of her Indian and pioneer friends until the story becomes more than cold history, more than unbelievable fiction—it becomes a panorama of life, tragic life. The President of the Metropolitan Press spoke correctly when he said of the book: "I like it. It may not live up to all the rules but there is something about it that makes it become a part of you after you have read it, like a personal experience."

Four pictures by Mrs. Teichert illustrate the volume.

## Why I Believe in the Gospel of Jesus Christ

By SUSA YOUNG GATES

OF new interest to those who did not read the series in its newspaper publication, and of renewed interest to those who did, the second edition of the pamphlet above-named is ready for distribution. From a woman's viewpoint, Susa Young Gates explains her reasons for believing in the principles of the religion for which her revered father, President Brigham Young, devoted his life. Following an introduction which explains her early and successful attempts to find answers to her religious questions, she discusses differing ideas of Deity, and the satisfaction she found in the "Mormon" conception. The fundamental principles of the Gospel—faith, repentance, baptism and confirmation all are clearly discussed; as are tithing, Sabbath and the sacrament, temples, the Word of Wisdom and other phases of Latter-day Saint belief. Her concluding code of living, called "My Rules of Life," are concise, and to observe such a code would, without doubt, be

to add inestimable value to the lives of all who conform. The pamphlet is obtainable from the Deseret Book Co., or from the author herself at 47 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City.

### MY RULES OF LIFE

*A suggestive code of living for  
L. D. S. Members*

1. Pay an Honest Tithing.
2. Pay Ward Donations, Fast Offerings, etc.
3. Keep the Sabbath Day Holy.
4. Attend Sacrament Meeting.
5. Keep the Word of Wisdom.
6. Attend Family Prayers.
7. Attend to Secret Prayers.
8. Indulge in no Destructive Criticism.
9. Observe Strict Chastity.
10. Seek for and obey counsel.
11. Search out the records of my ancestors.
12. Enter the sacred Temple courts and attend to the baptism and sealing ordinances for my kindred dead.

### Echoes

By ANNA JOHNSON

MANY people have little notebooks in which they have written their impressions of certain moments, people, scenes, and experiences. Some call them Diaries; some Journals; some just Notebooks. Very few, comparatively, see the light of print, but one such collection, in verse, is newly off the press. Under the title "Echoes," Miss Anna Johnson has gathered some two hundred of her impressions, and to read them is to know the young woman who wrote them. Philosophy, love of nature, enjoyment of the sea, and fancies which she put in rhyme for children she knew and loved, combine to express the author in a delightful way. At times she reaches heights of expression which carry the reader with her. "Beauty's Mystery" is an example.

"In the silence of the forest,  
In the peace of starlit night,  
In the quiet woodland waters,  
In the dreamy clouds of white,  
In the trembling of the shadow,  
In the sparkling of the dawn—  
There's a mystic sense of beauty  
That awakes and leads me on.

In the tumble of the ripple,  
In the quiet flower dells,  
In the pools where hanging forests  
Throw their shades and cast their  
spells,

In the high and rugged mountains,  
In the sea and desert sand—  
There's a mystic tide of beauty  
That I yearn to understand.

Miss Johnson for 10 years has served as mail-order clerk for the Y. L. M. I. A.

### Thunder Cave By JEREMIAH STOKES And JACK SEARS

INTERESTING in many ways is the book "Thunder Cave," and in it is to be found something for people of all ages. Ostensibly a children's story, it is in reality a philosophical work, with the values of human relationships plainly set forth in a warm, clear light. Jasper and Zebbie, two little colored boys, having waited in vain for the return of their parents from a blackberry-excursion, leave home to find a new place of abode. The dwelling place of the friendly Giant Wigwah proves to be their destination, and here they have a number of enlightening and enlivening adventures, their capture by the Redmen, their discovery of the secret door into Thunder Cave, and a delightfully intimate glimpse into the domain of Santa Claus. Thrilling indeed are the experiences of the two, and thrilled must be the children who follow Jasper and Zebbie on their way.

The story, however, is not more intriguing than are the pictures by Jack Sears and the colorful binding of the book. And most interesting of all, to an adult, is the obvious thread of moral emphasis running throughout, ever present, yet never monotonous. The boys and girls who read the book exclaim ecstatically over it all and accept the admonitions and suggestions toward goodness along with the story. Courage, generosity, will power, kindness and kindred virtues are set forth undisguised, and the fact that youthful readers take it and like it is heartening. One paragraph tells us that "hope is the sunshine of our hearts, you know. It is the power within us that gives us a feeling of cheerfulness and encouragement, and keeps us striv-

ing and working until we get the things we desire. Doubt makes us gloomy and discouraged. It makes us give up and quit." Another says "... as long as you live you will always get a great measure of joy in remembering the fine thing you did. Now the happiness you felt and that you still feel was a most wonderful, a very choice gift. It is a reward that came to you for doing the right thing. The joy of this deed will never grow old. It cannot break. It cannot be lost, and no one can ever take it from you. ... Money cannot buy such a gift as this." The philosophy is voiced by such intriguing figures that it cannot pall; and the fact that children read or listen breathlessly is something of an indication that the world is still a promising place in which to live.

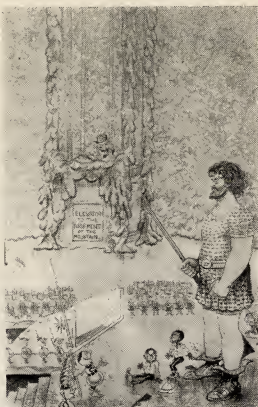
The only disturbing question which presents itself is the advisability of explaining the author's intention to eliminate all things not in harmony with clean entertainment and constructive thought, as he does in his preface and dedication. A child-reader, seeing in print that the author "endeavored to drive home by example some principle of correct conduct, duty or ideal thought without preaching" might possibly resent the avowed purpose, and feel that the story was given as the sugar coating to the medicine of admonition. However, it is highly probable that children will not read preface and publisher's note, and so, lacking the information contained therein, will read the story with unbiased and open hearts and minds.

It would be difficult to find a more impressive array of favorable comments and criticisms than can be found in connection with this book, "Thunder Cave." It is to be hoped that it will go into many editions, and that the teachings presented in its storied pages will sink into the receptive hearts of many little readers and their elders, with benefit and strength.

### Buying Happiness

By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

IT is with singular pleasure that the *Improvement Era* comments upon a book of essays recently come to hand—"Buying Happiness," by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, for three of the essays are reprinted from our own magazine. There are fourteen in all, each one a delight which can be repeated, for subsequent readings but heighten the enjoyment of the first. A publisher's note on the volume and author is eloquent. "When Dr. Goodspeed turns his contemplative eye upon the commonplace scene of daily life, it ceases to be commonplace. He sees all sorts of amusing things—humanity's frailties—and his own. ... It is this delight in the whimsical that makes life worth living and worth reading about; that precious ability to see an adventure (Continued on page 247)



Giant Wigwah and other Thunder Cave People





# GLANCING THROUGH

## Why We Women Won't Buy

By CATHERINE HACKETT  
(Forum for December, 1932)

**H**OUSEWIVES, who do 85% of the buying of the country, have suddenly become significant, due to the fact that on every side the responsibility for economic recovery is placed upon buyers who can make it possible to put ten million unemployed back to work. Ads everywhere urge all to buy—stop hoarding—take advantage of the lowest prices in ten years—and directors of budgets are exhorted to take advantage of cheap labor and have the house repapered, the floors done over, dresses and hats revamped, and new stocks of dresses and linen laid in. It seems that increased consumption is up to average housewife — and I am the average housewife.

We all know that we have less to spend than in the good old days when we went into installment buying and acquired undreamed of luxuries; but because I don't spend all I have, the government, the producers and the retailers all look at me reproachfully and accuse me of hoarding. And they do not even ask for my side of the matter.

"What ails these women?" they cry—and all that ails these women is that they are convinced that they were not getting the greatest amount of family good out of the family income, and so have set up sales-resistance.

My patriotic duty to buy more was borne in upon me last fall, when the "temporary economic recession" of 1930 had turned into the greatest depression of history. No longer was it simply something to read about in the papers—it was something to read in the faces of hungry men who had once been prosperous and now were at the door asking for a chance to do something to earn a little money.

In the frenzied ads of the newspapers, the bargain-prices caught our eye, and we were lured by the smartness of being thrifty; and thrifty we became. Instead of finding great joy in an extra pair of house-slippers, we found it in frugality—doing without even one pair. We began to consider people better citizens if they appeared in old clothes, refrained from giving

parties, and took on a look of general dilapidation. Buying an automobile might give one man work for sixty days, but it was much more satisfying to give the money to the local chairman of relief and let him distribute it for charity. But as I sat down to revise the family budget, I was aware that on every side were cries for me to buy—to bring about the upswing of business. If the family income had come down, so had prices—40% since 1929.

Certain things had to be considered before I could decide what we could spend to restore prosperity. There must be a little put away for a rainy day; there must be more for taxes, since the government has seen fit to demand more of our money at the same time they are urging us to spend more; there must be certain amounts for food, clothing, household necessities and repairs. After those were settled, I started in to do my bit in lifting the nation out of the depression. It was fun, at first. I bought all the stockings I needed; I replaced my made-over dresses with new ones, with the pleasant consciousness that I was springing to the assistance of Mr. Hoover in his battle to restore business prosperity. Bargains lured me. Two dollar stockings were one-twenty. Sheets were a dollar at one store and ninety-cents at another. I could almost hear idle textile looms getting into action as I purchased.

But after weeks of enthusiastic and thrifty buying, I discovered that something was wrong. My bargains began to wear out—not gradually and decently, but completely and suddenly. My bargain dresses had no hems to let down, my bargain shoes assumed strange shapes. My sheets were several sizes under specifications. I was hearing how low commodity prices were —and was finding out that the commodities were not of the same quality as those of higher prices of yore. My

confidence in retail stores was shaken. I could not afford to help business to come back when business was not being fair with me.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the depression is the rapid change in the styles of women's wearing apparel. It used to be that styles ran along about the same lines for several years, but now I am forced to imagine that every few months the style arbiters go into a huddle to concoct some new way of making me buy a new dress by making my old one go out of fashion. Remember the Eugenie hats, which after a few months were absolutely out! In the past three years I have worn my hats every way imaginable, to be in style. And the dress situation is the same. New waist lines, new sleeve and shoulder effects and other details are advertised—with the result that I shall wear my old clothes until the stylists decide where my waist line is and whether or not I am to have hips. The manufacturers are defeating their own purpose in their methods, for it puts a premium on delayed buying for those of us who cannot discard our entire wardrobe every little while.

There is a parallel situation in the household appliances we see everywhere. There are so many new improvements in this year's models of everything that I expect there will be still more next year, and I shall wait until then to buy—or even the year after. This is not an argument for manufacturers to stop inventing ways of making my work easy—it is simply an explanation of why I wait to buy.

As to the help I am offering to the unemployed by calling upon a local, somewhat untrained man to paint. He is to be paid by the hour. He has had little work in eight months. After three days and nine meals, he has finished one room—badly. The man who does my living-room floor leaves it streaked. His real specialty is gardening. A scientifically-managed local employment bureau, in which men are assigned to the work they know how to do, would make me and others more anxious to have work done.

There is a man at my door to sell me shoe laces. I buy them, and decide not to go to that bargain sale down town after all.

## Answer

By Grace Watson

**L**OVE never wholly turns to dust.  
After the kisses in dark lanes  
Have been a century forgotten,  
The bitterness remains.

## Cheap Bread and Costly Brains

By WILLIAM B. MUNRO  
(Atlantic Monthly for Dec., 1932)

THE old definition of college as "Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other" has been used innumerable times as a protest against mass education — and wrongly used. The log definition was never meant to point the moral which invariably is drawn for us nowadays. It was at one time, thirty years ago, my privilege to serve as instructor of history at Williams College, and to occupy the house Mark Hopkins had occupied during part of his time as President of the college. One winter evening it occurred to me to wonder where the log was which had become so prominent in historical education in America—and what the truth was concerning the statement so often quoted. I set about finding out, and it was not difficult. It soon appeared that James A. Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, was author of the famous definition, but he had not launched it in any such ambiguous form as had become traditional. This is what Garfield had said in regard to the value of a true teacher: "Give me a log hut, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins at one end of the table and I at the other, and you may have all the buildings, apparatus and libraries without him."

Not a log, but a log hut; not a plea for the individualizing of instruction, but for a recognition of the teacher as the core of the academic community. Garfield's idea was that good buildings were worth having, but that capable professors were far more important to the effectiveness of a college. Men, not bricks and mortar, made a seat of learning. He said that no array of buildings would have given him the intellectual stimulus which he had received from the faculty, particularly the president. Virtually the whole address was a plea for recognition of the faculty, not the campus, as the supremely important thing in any collegiate community. It was a timely admonition, because the entire country in 1871 was in the throes of competition to see which American college could excel in a material way. Buildings were going up, but teacher's salaries were not. Some felt that Williams college was lagging behind in the race for better mechanical equipment—General Garfield gave his address because he was anxious that his Alma Mater should not join the others in philandering after a false goddess.

This was not the only time Pres. Garfield expressed such views. He pointed out again and again that efforts should be directed "not so much to halls and buildings as to increased

endowments for paying professors, for making tuition as nearly free as possible, and for putting the cost of living within the reach of students whose means are most slender." "I believe, then," he said, "that the two great supports of the college are *cheap bread and costly brains*." A clarion sentiment this, and just as timely today as when it was written, sixty years ago. What better objective could any board of trustees set up today as the unified goal of their ideals and purposes? Too often an excessive proportion of college finances is spent on expensive structures and their maintenance, so that when any drop comes in financial affairs, it is the instruction and research which have to bear the brunt of retrenchment.

To return to Mark Hopkins and his unusual position as a teacher. So far as I have been able to discover, his adroit methods explain his success. He rarely lectured formally, and so his thoughts were ever new, for the lecture method offers serious temptation to retain notes from year to year and use them many times. The Hopkins' method was to give out a short lesson in advance, and then meet the class for a frank, thorough and informal discussion. Most of these had to do with fundamental questions on which there was room for a divergence of opinion: "Is it ever justifiable to tell a lie?" "Can anyone be saved by faith alone?" "Is the law of love the highest law?"

He had a ready tolerance for opinions which differed from his own, and he welcomed the free expression of them. Three fourths of every hour were devoted to questions, answers and discussion. To procure a clash of minds was his principal objective, and he usually aroused it. After this, he gave the summing up, which some-

times gave the students his ideas, but more often enjoined them to go home and think further upon what they had heard.

His was the ability to keep an argument going—and this type of teaching certainly is not done best with only one student, whether at the end of a log or anywhere else. And the calibre of the instructor is the most important element in education. The ideal of "cheap bread and costly brains" is one which colleges should hold before them if they have a genuine desire to emulate Mark Hopkins and his log.

## Relief: the Great Problem

By MRS. AUGUST BELMONT

(Review of Reviews and World's Work for December, 1932)

THE dismal word "unemployment" which weighs so heavily upon our consciousness today, came upon us much as did the war—suddenly, and after first hearing about it from abroad. In this third winter of devastation, the destitution and misery attendant upon unemployment constitutes the greatest problem facing the nation. Out-of-a-job often means hungry and cold children, the gloom of candle-lit homes, and often desperately ill men and women.

From New York City alone the figures in the matter are appalling. Of the three million who usually have jobs, one-third are unemployed, and this is but typical of conditions elsewhere. Big cities and small have been hit with the same scourge. We could not bear to face the facts of the scene unless we had faith in the ability of the nation to meet the crisis and, in the end, save itself.

Brought down to the individual, the present emergency demands the following from each citizen:

First—Prompt and generous sharing of salary, income or capital itself, to be distributed through established welfare agencies.

Second—A generous and studious consideration of the problems which must be solved if the present emergency, and possibly future ones, are to be met. I believe that these include a conclusive balancing of our national budget and a settlement of the inter-allied war debts. To this end let us join with the leaders of our government in increasing patriotism. Let us declare a moratorium on criticism. Let us acknowledge that the besetting sins of the human race are selfishness, greed, hypocrisy, and that the first two are largely responsible for our troubles.

Our progress, in the end, will prove worth the suffering it has cost. The United States is still a country of magnificent resources, and I have faith in its people.



"In Old Arizona"



# Lights & Shadows on the Screen



## Previews

### Air Mail

A thrilling spectacle, but weak plot, showing that the mail must go on, no matter what else does or does not. Well photographed. Too exciting for children.

### Baroud

Beautiful romance set in Morocco. Interesting and delightful. *Family*.

### Boiling Point

Fast moving Western for those who like Hoot Gibson. Enjoyable. *Adults and Young People*.

### Cynara

Artistic adaptation of stage play. Some may disagree with play itself. *Adults*.

### Cowboy Counselor

Hoot Gibson in good farce-comedy, in which he plays a wise-cracking book seller. *Family*.

### The Conquerors

America's financial situations as revealed in the depressions of several generations. The story of the Standish family, and their attitude when poverty strikes, is highly interesting. Beautifully done, with symbolic effects which will be remembered. *Family*.

### Devil's Playground

A fishing trip near Panama well recorded. Lovely in scenery, photography, and good in action and dialogue. *Family*.

### Evenings for Sale

Romantic comedy, poorly titled. Musical touch adds interest, if you like it. *Adults and Young People*.

### He Learned About Women

Sparkling comedy of simple boy who inherits a fortune. Amusing and colorful. *Family*.

### If I Had A Million

Unusual, because it is a series of episodes, concerning different people, trying to show what would happen to each group who inherited a million dollars. *Adults and Young People*.

### Little Orphan Annie

The little waif of the comic strip comes to life on the screen. Gay and pathetic, clever and well done. *Family*.

### Magic Nights

Another musical comedy of Vienna.

Well acted and directed. *Adults and Young Folks*.

### Men of America

Western and melodramatic, with plenty of shooting. The younger generation proves to be as good at fighting gangsters as the older one was at Indians. *Family*.

### Mask of Fu Manchu

The horror of the Fu Manchu story overbalances the acting of a fine cast. *Adults only*, if they like gruesome pictures.

### Prosperity

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are human and diverting enough to counteract a mediocre story. *Family*.

### Rackety Rex

A satire on football done with off-color and vulgar cleverness. *Not for discriminating audiences*.

### Seeing the U. S. A. by States

This series will show the history and industry of each State. Watch for it. *Family*.

### Sherlock Holmes

Modern version of Conan Doyle's detective story, done excellently. *Adults and Juniors*.

### Sports Parade

Thin plot used to give an excuse to show all kinds of athletics. Title may be changed to "Free, White and Twenty-One," for no particular reason. *Adults and Juniors*.

### Sundown Trail

Well-developed Western, with thrilling scenes of cowboys, cattle and beautiful vistas. *Family*.

### 20,000 Years in Sing Sing

Strong picturization of Lawes' book. Direct, dramatic and strong. *Adults*.

### Tess of the Storm Country

The clean romance which Janet Gaynor and Charles Ferrell always provide. Not too convincing, but delightful, nevertheless. *Family*.

### They Call It Sin

Entertaining for the average audience. Well directed, though not particularly worthwhile. *Adults and older Juniors*.

### Too Busy to Work

Good old Will Rogers and his humor make a human, lovable picture. *Family*.

### Training the Killer

Animal picture, with some dramatic value. Mostly novel and spectacular. *Family*.

### Penguin Pool Murder

Clever mystery, light and amusing in treatment. Set in the Penguin Pool of a museum; the development is different and unexpected. *Adults and Juniors*.

### Kid from Spain

Slapstick comedy of the Eddie Cantor variety. *Adults and Juniors who like Cantor*.

### You Said a Mouthful

Joe. E. Brown is absurd but interesting. *Family*.

### Rock-a-bye

Constance Bennett in mediocrity. Nothing particularly objectionable, and nothing especially commendable. *For adult Bennett fans*.

### Central Park

Not nearly so good as advertised. The "Grand Hotel" idea of one setting, without its artistry.

### Virtue

It may have some, but it is difficult to find. *Ordinary*.

### Now We'll Tell One

Mediocre.

### Hot Saturday

Thin story, only fairly well acted.

### Life Begins

Story set in maternity hospital. Handled delicately, the various phases of new motherhood are of necessity tragic, in some cases, and the general effect somber. Aline McMahon does the best bit in the production. *For adults who like solemnity*.

### Faithless

Ordinary.

### Scarlet Dawn

Poor.

### Strange Justice

Mediocre.

# Church Music

## Music in the Home

By EDWARD P. KIMBALL

THE home music-life is suffering along with other institutions of the home since the coming of golf, automobiles, moving pictures, and other things that are taking us out of homes practically every evening. In the days before these home "excavators," as one writer has called them, if we wanted an evening of pleasure we had to make it ourselves. Those were the days of the family circle, when everybody tried his hand at furnishing his part of the amusement, according to the branch he had been studying. Many men and women of today can trace much of their present success to that kind of home life when each vied with the other to do a part on the program just a little better than someone else.

Perhaps in no one thing was there found such universal pleasure as in music, for "music was a household and family social function, drawing people together in larger or smaller groups. Everybody took part in the music in those days in one way or another. It was a true time of folk music in the making of a people finding a natural musical self-expression. The music was crude, uncouth and wanting in finesse; but so were our sturdy ancestors in other respects." And yet when one compares the popular song of that day with that of this, one is led to marvel at the low standard of our present-day songs.

Under such conditions of amusement in the home it was a much simpler task to supervise what young people became familiar with in the way of music, as most of what they learned was put before them in the home and they were not in the habit of hopping in the car to take a jaunt out to some place where they might hear and learn that which would not have been allowed in the wholesome atmosphere of the home. And again, our mechanical reproducing instruments make it so easy now for the boys and girls to get so much so easily that there is removed in large part from us that healthy appetite that comes from hard effort and study. We consume more musical merchandise, but we make less music.

It is here the case, as everywhere else, that what is easy to get is easy to get away from, and only those things are appreciated that cost an effort to acquire. This fact makes it

all the more necessary that parents should meet the situation with understanding and reason. The real American home is characterized by certain ideals which surround and emanate from it in the conduct of its members. Most home makers are very solicitous about the reputation of the morals of society and they realize that the home is the foundation of conduct in this direction. They are particular about good usage and conduct, behavior and etiquette. They understand that children become what they see and hear.

Of those things which will bring about the highest standards in harmony with this principle the ideal home is filled. It is now the rule to see beautiful furniture, real art in pictures and decorations, as well as plenty of good books. If there is one thing that escapes censorship in the modern home, and about which little thought is given, it is in the things of music.

That home will produce uplift in education and culture where only the best music is made and listened to as culture, and where the recreational music is of the standard that is required of books and literature. It will make a real contribution to the uplift of society when it insists on the same standards in music study as in other branches, both in methods and material. The instruments found in the home have a cultural effect, just as all things of beauty have. Instruments of good quality should be put in the home, and then they should be treated with respect.

A child that is permitted to misuse and abuse a good musical instrument will not grow in respect for anything. When instruments are selected they should be kept as nearly as possible in the condition that they were intended by their makers to be capable of perfect service. Something will be awry in the make-up of that person who uses or listens to an instrument that is not kept in tune and condition. There is a real danger in shoddy, out-of-tune instruments that will come to the surface in many ways in after years. Also, the so-called "popular" instruments should come in for a moment's consideration. There sweep across the land fads in musical instruments, just as fads in dress, or anything else, and they are just as wildly taken up and followed. They usually last also just about as long but their permanent

effect is much worse. Requiring but little skill to learn to play, they are capable of very little art in what they render, and they tend to vitiate ambition and achievement. Their worth can be understood when it is borne in mind that they satisfy only the uninformed and uneducated, except as a pastime, and parents must choose, in their employment in the home, between that which is a pastime and that which is educational.

No one should forget that music is in the world to give pleasure, but like everything else that is capable of affording pleasure, it has a much higher and nobler purpose. It is developer and food for mind and soul; it is "love searching for a word." While it is perfectly right that people should get all the enjoyment possible out of music, the wise person will endeavor to learn to feel the exalted pleasure which only good music can give, and compared to which, common, "pastime" music is like the pleasure of the gourmand at table, satisfying only the baser appetite, compared to the ecstasy of the seer on Patmos; one is purely physical, the other is mental and spiritual. Without being irreverent it might be said that the goddess of music does not reveal herself to those who have not passed through Gethsemane.

There is one more instance wherein care must be exercised if the thing is to render its maximum service. That is the music-library of the home, consisting of instrumental and vocal music, and talking machine and player-piano records. The market is flooded with the latter, and manufacturers make it easier to purchase than to discriminate, but there is one sure rule by which to go, and the observance of it will assure a music library that will leave nothing to be desired. The same care and principles should be observed in the choice of a music library as in the selection of books and pictures. Persons whose training does not enable them to be the arbiters in the matter of books and pictures, seek advice from those who know. Should there be anything humiliating in manifesting the same sense in things pertaining to music?

There is no excellence without labor, be it physical, mental, or spiritual, and real excellence in music emanating from the home must be purposefully desired, and striven for.



# Melchizedek Priesthood

## Prove Me Now

By ALBERT W. BELL

Printed at the suggestion of the editor,  
Pres. Heber J. Grant

I LAY on my pillow one morning at dawn,  
I dreaded to think of the day coming on;  
Hard times and its woes stared me square in the face,  
Each day brought me nearer financial disgrace.

There were bills at the house and bills at the store.  
My cash was all gone and 'twas hard to get more.  
Oh, how could I manage to plow through that day  
With only one dollar where ten wouldn't pay?

The coal bin was empty, the boys needed shoes,  
Say nothing of interest and taxes and dues;  
And to climax my sorry financial position,  
I had tithing to pay and a son on a mission.

When I thought of that tithing, oh, how it did burn  
To see it go out and nothing return.  
The other bills loomed like a terrible spectre;  
Why pay this one first with not even a collector?

Ah, that was a morning—you know how you feel,  
Dark pictures came flashing from a thousand foot reel.  
It seemed most too much,—I about quit the job—  
When a thought filled my soul that made my heart throb:

"My son, pay the tithing," was whispered to me,  
"And prove me herewith, and now you'll see,  
For I swear unto you if you'll give me your hand,  
That you shall be prospered and have joy in the land.

"I ask for a chance while success is in doubt;  
Yes, prove me right now when you're all down and out.  
There's less opportunity when one wins and succeeds,  
You can help a man only in times when he needs.

"My counsel was there in the day you had plenty,  
But test it right now when your pockets are empty.  
Show me the man that has ever gone broke,  
Who trusted in God and the words that He spoke.

"Keep my commandments, 'twill not be in vain,  
I'll pour out a blessing you cannot contain.

You're a failure without me, you've nothing to lose;  
The chance lies before you, I leave you to choose."

Oh, that was a morning of most serious thought;  
How foolish I'd been and discovered it not,  
For alone I'd been limping in dismay and alarm  
When the Lord stood right there; I could lean on His arm.

Yes, the Bible was ancient, the Prophets were dead,  
But they spoke straight to me and they meant what they said  
I'll pay up that tithing each month every cent;  
The Lord made that promise and He knew of my rent.

We never have missed it, our roll is no smaller,  
While other men grumble,—they haven't a dollar;  
They've stumbled and fallen,—men bigger than I,  
But we've kept the commandments and somehow got by.

No, we've never been rich, but we've never been poor,  
We've had peace in our home and our harvest was sure.  
Who has done it?—I ask you,—Ah, I crave to know;  
Find the answer, my brother, find it out as you go.

## Monthly Priesthood Group Report Planned by Bear Lake Stake

THE Presidency of the Bear Lake Stake has inaugurated a system of monthly reports of Melchizedek Priesthood groups throughout that stake.

The report is contained in a letter-size sheet providing for a list of the names of all members with a monthly record of all activities. The items to be reported on include attendance at Quorum meetings, times present at Activity meeting, Sacrament meeting, M. I. A. meeting, Sunday School and Quarterly conference, Ward teaching, Missionary work, other Church work, observance of Word of Wisdom and Tithing. These reports are prepared on a Ward basis and submitted to the Stake authorities.

Excellent success is reported as a result of this method of making record of the activities of each member.

## Snow

By Gladys Hendrickson

ALREADY the snow  
Lies in a thick, white blanket on the hills;  
Already its soft, smooth folds  
Muffle the dark heads of swaying pines.  
The stream is low,  
Smothered in clouded fingers, ice-tipped, cruel.  
Fingers that clutch the water's singing heart  
Leaving it cold in silent silver death.  
Changing the golden laughter at the shore  
To carven drops of tinkling, crystal ice.

## Inhales, But Doesn't Puff Non-Smoker Voices Plea for a Little Fresh Air

TO the New York Herald Tribune:

"Do you inhale?" is the question put by some seductively illustrated cigarette advertising. Perhaps there is not expected as direct and categorical an affirmative, nor as emphatic and unqualified a yes as mine shall be.

Yes, I inhale the cloud-like exhalations made by the anxious business man in the close confinement of the ramp up from the morning train.

Yes, I inhale the fumes from the flapper in her "nicoteens" at lunchtime in our restaurants. Her puffings are only punctuated by nervous tap-pings with her forefinger to release the fast-forming ash.

Yes, I inhale in the evening in the station while more or less patiently

standing in the heated and stifling atmosphere before the train gates. And again, while the smudge from the smoking car ahead is wafted back upon me in the car behind.

Yes, I inhale the incense from dubious and doubtful tobacco as some salesman or other holds the torch of business near to my nostrils while expounding an all-too-lengthy "proposition."

And so on through numerous olfactory offenses caused by burning much that passes for tobacco. No, as you may guess, I am not a smoker—not as far as smoking my own is concerned—and yet—Yes, I inhale!

Yours for fresh air,

*Phevmor.*

New York, July 12th, 1932.

(From the New York Herald-Tribune)

## Fifty-four Baptisms in Miller Ward

THE name Special Missionaries is the title given to that loyal and energetic group of workers who are busily engaged in preaching the Gospel to non-members of the Church who reside in Grant Stake. There are fourteen wards in the Stake, and each Ward is properly organized with a President or Chairman and two counselors with a secretary. The work is supervised by a committee of five in the High Council, and once each month a Leadership meeting is held at which problems incident to the work are taken up and discussed and a regular course of missionary instruction given. The work done by the missionaries is reported to the ward secretary who in turn compiles a ward report, and this is reported to the Stake Secretary, enabling him to complete a report of the activities of the Stake. The distribution of literature is made from the Stake High Council Committee to the Wards as their needs require. Seventies are used as much as possible for missionary timber, although Elders and High Priests and in one or two of the wards lady missionaries, have been called into the work. Missionaries are selected upon the recommendation of the Bishops and are called to the work, set apart and given a certificate of their appointment, and are expected to devote at least two nights to the work, and to be relieved as much as possible from other Church activities until their term is completed and they are released.

Marked success has characterized the work throughout the Stake, but particularly has the work been successful during the past year in Miller Ward, presided over by Bishop Edward J. Solomon. In October, 1931 the work was reorganized with Emil Reimann, President; S. A. Erickson, first counselor and Arthur Ence, second counselor; Chas. Wilcox being the secretary. Fifteen members of the Higher Priesthood and two lady missionaries

were called into the work besides the President making a corps of eighteen workers in the Ward. The mission-

## The Skyscraper

By ALICE WOOD EGBERT

*AMID the glare and surging heat  
Of day, the clamor and the press,  
They only saw the grim, the grey,  
Unmeasured homeliness.*



*BUT when the glimmer of the night  
Unfettered mind of passers-by,  
They upward gazed, and there beheld  
A jewel in the sky.*



*A New York Skyscraper by Day and by Night.*

aries were divided up in pairs and a definite system of work agreed upon. First a list was obtained from the president of the ward teachers of the non-members residing in the ward. Then a regular system of ward meetings each Sunday morning was arranged. At this meeting each week a card is handed to each pair of missionaries with a list of the names that they are to visit during the coming week, and a report made of the previous week's work. Problems and questions pertaining to the work are discussed and general instructions given at this meeting. The Presidency are in constant touch with the president of the ward teachers and as new prospects move into the ward they are visited. The work has brought joy and satisfaction to the missionaries, and since October, 1931, there have been 54 baptisms of non-members as a result of this work in the Miller Ward.

Respectfully submitted,

*Grant Stake Special Missionary Committee.*

*By Elias L. Day, Chairman.*

## Rexburg Ward Gathers Wood

DURING the late summer, seventeen of the members of the Priesthood, and four members of the Relief Society, went to Island Park, and in four days' time we cut and loaded two large box cars with fire wood. We cut and hauled the wood about four miles to the railroad on two trucks. The two cars and what we brought home on the trucks made fifty cords of the best fire wood in this part of the state. Some of the large trees we cut into nine lengths eight feet long.

We shall use it for heating our church building this winter and will not have to buy any coal. We shall also be able to keep the widows and some families in kindling. The Relief Society sisters cooked for us and we did not lose any time and were successful in our work.

The one thing which we were most thankful for was that no one was injured and we had no car trouble. The brethren all donated their time, and the Relief Society furnished the food and cooked it for us. We had a very enjoyable and profitable time.

We held a cottage meeting with some families living in the pines and we blessed three little babies. We observed the word of wisdom and always had prayers each day. We were wonderfully blessed of the Lord, for which we were thankful.

*—Bishop Hugh A. Wright  
and Counselors.*



# Aaronic Priesthood

## A Brief Church Chronology For Members of the Aaronic Priesthood

*For use in connection with  
1933 program*

- Dec. 23, 1805—Joseph Smith was born.  
Spring, 1820—Joseph Smith's first vision.  
Sept. 21, 1823—Angel Moroni's first visit.  
Sept. 22, 1823—Joseph Smith first visited Hill Cumorah and saw the plates of the Book of Mormon.  
Sept. 22, 1827—Book of Mormon plates were delivered to Joseph Smith by the Angel Moroni.  
July, 1828—Joseph Smith received the first revelation published in the Doctrine and Covenants.  
May 15, 1829—Aaronic Priesthood restored.  
June, 1829—Three witnesses were shown plates of Book of Mormon by an angel.  
June, 1829—Eight witnesses were shown plates of Book of Mormon by Joseph Smith.  
Mar., 1830—Book of Mormon published.  
April 6, 1830—Church was organized and first Elders were ordained.  
April 11, 1830—Oliver Cowdery preached the first public sermon on the restored gospel.  
June, 1830—First miracle of modern times—casting out devils by Joseph Smith.  
Feb. 1, 1831—Edward Partridge ordained first Bishop.  
Feb. 9, 1831—Missionary system was revealed to Joseph Smith (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 42).  
Mar. 8, 1831—John Whitmer made first Church historian.  
June 6, 1831—First High Priests ordained.  
Aug. 3, 1831—Temple Lot at Independence dedicated.  
Nov. 3, 1831—Revelation was given on Aaronic Priesthood, showing nature and authority.  
Dec. 25, 1832—Joseph Smith gave prophecy foretelling Civil War.  
Feb. 27, 1833—Word of Wisdom was revealed.  
Mar. 18, 1833—First Presidency of Church was organized.  
Feb. 17, 1834—First High Council was organized.  
June, 1837—First foreign missionaries were called. They went to England.  
July, 1837—First gospel sermon was preached by L. D. S. missionaries in Europe, at Preston, England.
- Aug. 30, 1837—First European converts were baptized.  
Dec. 25, 1837—First conference in Europe was held at Preston, England.  
Sept. 24, 1841—Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve Apostles, dedicated the land of Palestine for the gathering of the Jews.  
Nov. 21, 1841—Baptisms for the dead were commenced in the Nauvoo Temple.  
Aug. 6, 1842—Joseph Smith prophesied that the Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains.  
Sept. 6, 1842—Joseph Smith wrote important address relating to baptism for the dead and necessity for keeping records.  
April 2, 1843—Joseph Smith again prophesied regarding Civil War; that it would be caused by slavery and begin at South Carolina.  
June 27, 1844—Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, Patriarch of the Church, were martyred in Carthage jail.  
Aug. 8, 1844—Brigham Young and Twelve were appointed to lead the Church.  
April 14, 1847—"Mormon" Pioneers left Winter Quarters for the Rocky Mountains.  
July 23, 1847—Advance company of Pioneers reached Salt Lake Valley and used irrigation for the first time on this continent by Anglo-Saxons.  
July 24, 1847—Main company of Pioneers reached Salt Lake Valley.  
July 25, 1847—First L. D. S. religious service held in Salt Lake Valley.

- July 26, 1847—Ensign Peak explored and named.  
July 27, 1847—Jordan River was named.  
July 28, 1847—Site of Salt Lake Temple located.  
Aug. 2, 1847—Survey of Salt Lake City was commenced.  
Dec. 5, 1847—Brigham Young became President of the Church.  
April 6, 1853—Corner-stones of the Salt Lake Temple were laid.  
Oct. 10, 1880—John Taylor became President of the Church.  
April 7, 1889—Wilford Woodruff became President of the Church.  
April 6, 1893—Salt Lake Temple was dedicated.  
Sept. 13, 1898—Lorenzo Snow became President of the Church.  
Oct. 17, 1901—Joseph F. Smith became President of the Church.  
Nov. 23, 1918—Heber J. Grant became President of the Church.

## Genealogy in Aaronic Priesthood Quorums

### *Suggestions to Supervisors*

THE study of genealogy is an important feature of the class work of the Aaronic Priesthood. The Book of Remembrance was developed particularly for Lesser Priesthood quorums. It is intended to be a part of the training given to quorum members in preparation for future service in the Church.

Junior genealogical classes were organized primarily for young people who are not members of Aaronic Priesthood quorums. The teaching of genealogy to members of the Lesser Priesthood should be done in their own quorums. They should not be urged to join other genealogical groups unless they so desire.

This lesson book provides one lesson each month in genealogy. It is urged that lessons be given in regular order.

Genealogy is the study of one's ancestors and his lineage from them. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has always been deeply interested in genealogy. The Prophet Joseph Smith, and his successors in the Presidency of the Church, made it very clear that we without our dead cannot be made perfect. According to their instructions each individual among us is responsible for seeking out the records of his ancestors and having administered in their behalf all the necessary temple ordinances.

Recently the general authorities of the Church decided that boys of the

## Roads

*By L. E. FLACK*

ROADS that lead to everywhere,  
White, winding sheets of light;  
Roads that curve and twist and turn  
In threads of shining white.

Disappearing roads that lead  
Beyond our wildest dreams;  
Lovely roads that dip and turn  
Where golden sunlight gleams.

Roads with eucalyptus trees  
Along their shaded way;  
Silv'ry white with peeling bark,  
Slender leaves that sway.

Roads that lead to everywhere,  
Oh, I would travel far.  
Great white paths that beckon me  
Like a shining star.

Lesser Priesthood should be given training in the fundamentals of genealogical and temple work, since it is primarily the work of the Priesthood.

In order that the boys may get actual experience in the many highly interesting activities of the work, each member of the Lesser Priesthood is asked to compile a sacred record of his own life and that of his parentage and ancestry which is known as his "Book of Remembrance."

These books can be obtained from the Genealogical Society of Utah, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. The supervisor should take the initiative in securing them. The price for the deacon's book is 35c each, while those for the teachers and priests are 55c each. The awards for the various activities which are assigned each month as outlined in the lessons, are contained in the books for teachers and priests. Upon completion of the work for deacons they will be entitled to a special award.

Experience in introducing and demonstrating the Book of Remembrance shows that the most effective way to introduce it is by the class supervisor displaying before the group his own Book of Remembrance which he has worked out in detail. If the supervisor has not done this some other person whose book has been prepared could be asked to demonstrate it.

It is most impressive to the boys if the awards are officially given in a public gathering by the Class Supervisor or the Bishop. The importance of the award is thus greatly enhanced in the minds of the boys.

Local ward or branch genealogical committees are willing and glad at all times upon invitation to assist the officers of the Priesthood quorums, to begin these projects. Should a quorum supervisor feel inadequately prepared to present any portion of the program he should feel free to call genealogical workers to his assistance.

A word of caution has come from the general authorities that boys should not go as classes or in groups to Patriarchs for blessings. Since each blessing is sacred to the person who receives it, each should go accompanied by his own parents or alone. Before the boys are encouraged to ask for blessings they should be impressed with the purpose and value of such blessings. No fee is required for a blessing, but it is a custom to make a free-will contribution to the Patriarch.

In planning baptismal excursions for his group the supervisor should consult the ward genealogical representative, since he makes all arrangements with the temple for baptism dates and appointments.

The Salt Lake Temple has printed and distributes without charge a circular on "The Preparation of Temple Sheets." This gives full details on making out baptism and sealing sheets.

The Genealogical Society of Utah

is glad to provide guidance in research. Information as to procedure will be furnished on request.

The Sunday nearest May 15th the anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood will be celebrated as "Aaronic Priesthood Day" throughout the Church. A special program will be provided by the Presiding Bishopric. On that date it is suggested that as a part of the program each ward conduct a Book of Remembrance exhibit in which all members of the quorums of the ward will be invited to display their books. To insure the success of such an exhibit, preparation should begin immediately.

### Leaders in Aaronic Priesthood Attendance

THE leading stakes in Aaronic Priesthood attendance for December were Alberta and Juarez—40%; Maricopa and Granite—39%; Bannock and Hollywood—38%; Oneida and North Davis—36%; South Sanpete—34%; Pocatello and Cottonwood—32%; Box Elder and Liberty, 31%.

More than 50% attendance was reported by 57 wards. The leading wards were Moccasin, Kanab Stake, 100%; Gordon Creek, Carbon Stake, 100%; San Francisco, San Francisco Stake, 96%; Parleys, Granite Stake, 92%; Santa Clara, St. George Stake, 78%; Merrill, Portneuf Stake, 75%; Hawthorne, Granite Stake, 71%.

### Correlation Reports Urged

SOME misunderstanding seems to exist in connection with reports of the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Committee activities. It has been called for in the details of operation

of the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation plan since it was announced in April, 1931, at the Aaronic Priesthood convention held in connection with the April Conference. The plan provides that a member of the stake presidency is to be chairman and the stake clerk the secretary of the stake committee. The stake committee includes all members of the High Council assigned to the supervision of young men from twelve to twenty. This includes High Council committees assigned to Aaronic Priesthood, Sunday School, M. I. A. and Seminary. To these are added a representative of the superintendency of the Sunday School and members of the board supervising the A, B, and C classes; also a representative of the stake superintendency of Y. M. M. I. A., and stake board members supervising M Men, Vanguards, and Scouts. Stake Seminary representatives complete the membership of the stake Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Committee.

The ward committee, headed by the Bishopric, includes the same representatives as outlined above for the stake. Monthly committee meetings should be held by both stake and ward committees. The ward committee should report on blanks provided by the Presiding Bishopric to the stake chairman immediately following the meeting of the ward correlation committee. The stake chairman should report to the Presiding Bishopric immediately following the stake correlation committee meeting. Where this plan is being followed, splendid results are being secured, and large numbers of the young men of the Church are being brought into activity.

### Word of Wisdom Centennial

MONDAY, February 27, 1933, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the revelation known as the Word of Wisdom, which was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith. This occasion should be given special attention by all leaders of Aaronic Priesthood. The warning given in the Word of Wisdom regarding conditions which would exist in the last days predicted the precise conditions confronting us today. Members of the Aaronic Priesthood are being assailed by temptations foretold in the Word of Wisdom. Aaronic Priesthood leaders should be extremely diligent in their efforts to help the young men of the Church keep themselves clear of the temptations of the hour and in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel and the leaders of the Church.

Announcements regarding special observance of the Word of Wisdom Centennial Day will be sent out in ample time to provide for proper commemoration of this important event in the history of the Church.



"Ready!"

By Wauwetta Peterson, Richmond, Utah





# MUTUAL MESSAGES



## Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

### General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,

RICHARD R. LYMAN,

MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

### General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,

LUCY GRANT CANNON,

CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:

ELSTIE HOGAN

## The New Social Center

MOST M. I. A. officers have been informed of the action of the First Presidency of the Church in placing the Lion House at the disposal of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, thus making it possible to fulfill a hope long cherished by the General Board, viz., that of establishing a Social Center for our Latter-day Saint girls and women.

During the summer and autumn months the work of renovating this historic building has been in progress, with the result that it has taken on the aspect of a delightfully homey place. The same atmosphere which must have prevailed in the days of President Brigham Young is manifest. Especially is this felt in the beautiful old parlor, where so many memories cluster. It was here on November 28, 1869, that this Prophet of God organized the Retrenchment Society, which a little later grew into the Y. L. M. I. A. With his counselor, George A. Smith, and Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Bathsheba W. Smith, he gathered together in this room several of his daughters to effect an organization for retrenchment in dress, in speech, in social practices, and in which they and those who should follow might prepare themselves for greater usefulness in the Church. To-day a large oil painting of Brigham Young hangs in the parlor and it would seem as if the great leader were well pleased with the results of that eventful meeting and were smiling benignly on the present proceedings.

The Lion House thus becomes an ideal place for our officers and girls of the Y. L. M. I. A. to gather. In addition to the parlor, there are a reading room, a large kitchen equipped for cooking, a number of class rooms, and a beautiful recreation room. Besides this, the entire first floor is used for a cafeteria.

### MEMBERSHIP

In order to carry on this Social Center, it has become necessary to form an organization for which there is a membership fee of \$1.00 a year, or if one wishes to pay month by month, 10c a month.

This monthly plan will appeal to

### An Appeal To "Drys"

*THE welfare of the young people of the Church is of vital concern to the M. I. A. A movement which threatens the welfare of the young people everywhere is rapidly gaining momentum throughout the United States. This is the effort to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and all laws associated with it. This campaign is being carried into every state in the Union. Where prohibition has been written into state constitutions, this movement attempts to bring about repeal, or repeal of enforcement laws, which would nullify the constitutional amendments.*

*The General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. feel that this is a challenge to our organization; and we now call upon stake and ward officers everywhere to use their influence in every legal and proper manner to protect our young people from the return of the saloon, the liquor traffic, and attendant evils. Since the dawn of history the use of liquor has been one of the greatest curses of the human family, and still is. In view of what the Lord has told us with reference to its harmfulness, we as Latter-day Saints ought to resist in every possible way making it available as a beverage. In practically all states where Latter-day Saints reside in considerable numbers, prohibition amendments and enforcement laws have been secured after years of effort. We should now do everything within our power to keep the ground we have won. There must be no backward step in this great moral issue.*

*We hope that M. I. A. leaders everywhere will rally to this cause and do everything possible to have prohibition and enforcement laws in the various states remain as they are. If action is proposed by legislatures now in session our leaders should send in protesting petitions carrying as many signatures as can be secured.*

George Albert Smith,

Richard R. Lyman,

Melvin J. Ballard,

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

Ruth May Fox,

Lucy Grant Cannon,

Clarissa A. Beesley,

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

our officers and members living outside of Salt Lake City. They are urged to take advantage of it so that whenever they come to the city they may make the Lion House their headquarters. They will find it a pleasant place to rest between shopping trips or preceding evening engagements.

### PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP

A membership includes the following privileges:

Use of living room accommodations where girls may bring their lunches, and rest during the noon day period.

Use of rest room accommodations.

Use of reading room.

Use of sewing machines.

Participation in weekly events, such as:

Book Reviews.

Community Singing.

Story Telling Hour

Social Games.

Opportunity to receive instruction in Art Needle Work.

Opportunity to receive instruction in First Aid.

Cafeteria—This is open only to members who have paid the annual fee of \$1.00. Especially for Church and Welfare Workers.

### COURSES

It is planned also to give courses for which extra fees are charged, such as: Dressmaking.

Cooking.

Conversational English.

Arts and Crafts.

Magazine Writing.

Wood Fiber Flowers.

Applied Arts.

Woodcraft.

### SOCIAL PARTIES

Those holding yearly memberships may rent the parlor or recreation room for dancing or other social parties. These rooms accommodate from 40 to 80 people. Arrangements may be made also for luncheons and dinners. Dates and prices may be obtained from the hostess.

The Social Center is open daily from 12:00 noon to 2:00 P. M. and on

Wednesdays and Thursdays from 12:00 noon to 10:00 P. M. Send all inquiries and applications to the hostess, Mrs. Martha G. Smith, Lion House, 63 East on South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### Contest Operetta Ready

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, the operetta for contest in the M. I. A. for the spring of 1933, is ready for distribution March 1st. The cast in-

cludes six principals (three men, two girls and a woman) and a mixed chorus. Price: 50c per copy; \$2.75 per six; \$5 per doz. Send orders to M. I. A. Office, 33 Bishop's Building or 47 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City.

## Sunday Evening Joint Session for March

General Theme: "The Law of the Earth."

1. Singing—"Rock of Ages."
2. Prayer—A member of the Adult Class.
3. Singing—"Earth With Her Ten Thousand Flowers."
4. Presentation or the Slogan.
5. Instrumental or vocal number by the M. I. A. Chorus or Orchestra.

6. Talk by Adult or a Class Member—"Love, the Law of the Earth." (See Adult Manual, "A Rational Theology," Chapter 36.)

References: The Eighth Psalm, Corinthians, Chap. 13; the Epistles of St. John; the story, "The Lost Word," by Van Dyke, used frequently as a retold story. The poem Abou Ben Adhem found in collections of

poems. The poem, "Let Me Live in a House by the Side of the Road," by Sam Walter Foss, found in "One Hundred and One Best Poems." See also St. John 15:12-27.

7. Singing—"Let Love Abound," by chorus or choir or congregation.
8. Benediction.

Note: If a retold story or dramatic reading is introduced, have it correlate with the remainder of the program.

## Award for Best Dramatization

A RELIC of unusual interest has been provided by the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. to be awarded to the organization producing the best dramatization of a Pioneer incident used in connection with "A Night in '47" presentation. Stake Superintendents have been provided with circulars giving all the details and suggesting a definite program for this event. It is planned that the feature is to be a dramatization of a Pioneer episode or incident in connection with either the general Pioneer movement of the Church or a local incident. The only requirement is that it be based upon a Pioneer theme.

The plaque pictured on this page is made of wood from the historic Salt Lake Theatre. The plaque, which is two inches thick and approximately eighteen inches long is in the exact shape in which it was secured from the Salt Lake Theatre at the time it was



being torn down. As the shape happens to coincide with the shape of the State of Utah it was left in its original form although it has been dressed and varnished for preservation. On the face is mounted a bronze reproduction of the Buffalo Trail Marker, used by Brigham Young and the Pioneers. This is the design being used in marking the Mormon Pioneer Trails and other historic trails and landmarks throughout Utah and the West. At the bottom a brass plate etching containing the inscription will be mounted. This inscription will indicate the event and the Ward winning the trophy as well as the Stake.

All dramatizations in competition for the trophy must be postmarked not later than April 1 and sent to the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. The winning dramatization will be published for use by other stakes who may desire to use it.

## Seniors

### Class Banquet

THE Senior Class of the Sugar City Ward of Fremont Stake has been a welcome addition to our mutual and has been attended enthusiastically by a good majority of the people of that age in this ward.

One event that this class participated in and one that created a good deal of interest and entertainment for members and prospective members of the class was a very informal Senior Banquet.

The menu consisted of fried chicken, potatoes and gravy, diced carrots, salad, stuffed celery, hot rolls and pumpkin

pie. The food came in unprepared and when the guests arrived they drew for their "duties." On slips of paper were written such notices as: "If the mob you want to escape, go into the corner and celery scrape." "A date you'll get if you just try, prove your merit and chicken fry." "Mob or not it shall be seen, scrape the carrots good and clean." "Wash the dishes 'til they shine, and with us you may dine." "Dine with us—oh please do, but wash the dishes when you're through." "Our table colors shall be gold and green, get together and plan your scheme."

When all guests had found what they were to do, they set to work and

the dinner was soon prepared. The table was set for about forty. In the center was the half of a large pumpkin filled with fruit and at each end were tall yellow candles in green candlesticks. Some of the carrots had been confiscated by the favor-makers and carved to resemble small pumpkins and filled with salted peanuts. The place-cards were cut in the shapes of turkeys and autumn leaves.

During the dinner some clever toasts and readings were given.

Though individuals had drawn the distasteful task of washing the dishes the entire crowd joined in and ended a very successful party amid soap suds and dish towels.



# Adults

## Healthful Play

IT need hardly be said that this does not contemplate the life of that class of idle persons who crave an endless, riotous whirl of dancing and eating and drinking and theaters and jewels and limousines, in the belief they are on the road to happiness. The real aristocrat of today does not belong to this class whose number is rapidly diminishing.

"Today rulers and presidents are trying to find out how they can keep in the fittest condition and accomplish the greatest possible amount of work." The play life of adults is receiving more and more emphasis in the modern health movement as a vitally important factor in promoting and preserving health. It has been said that health is the only thing we cannot have too much of. Yet it is measured to every man; no one has more than enough. It is the stuff life is made of; he who squanders health, loses life. From our last year's text, "How To Live," we quote the following:

"There should be a keen sense of enjoyment of all life's activities. As William James once said, simply to live, breathe, and move should be a delight. The thoroughly healthy person is full of optimism; he rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. In a recent children's book, one of the characters said she felt 'dancey.' That is the way a grown-up should feel after a good night's rest; but we seldom see such overflowing vitality except among children. When middle life is reached, or before, our vital surplus has usually been squandered. Yet it is in this vital surplus that the secret of personal magnetism lies. Vital surplus should not only be safeguarded; it should be accumulated. It is the balance in the savings bank of life."

Our health ideals should not aim merely at the avoidance of invalidism, but also at vitally exuberant and exultant health; should savor not only of solitude for health, but as well of athletic development and physical enjoyment. "Our aim should be to see not how much strain our strength can stand, but how great we can make that strength. With such an aim we shall incidentally and naturally find ourselves accomplishing more work than if we aimed directly at the work itself. Moreover, when such ideals are attained, work instead of turning into drudgery tends to turn into play, and the hue of life seems to turn from dull gray to the bright tints of well-remembered childhood. In short, our health ideals should rise from the mere wish to keep out of a sickbed to an eagerness to become a well-spring of energy. Only then can we realize the intrinsic

wholesomeness and beauty of human life."

It is unquestionably true that there is need for the development of the normal play spirit in adults. Each individual ought to study his own needs. Someone has said that participation in recreation is dependent upon skills and people must be trained to play before they will play. We can only carry over into adult life the interests that we have developed in youth. Men and women who did not develop play interests in youth must therefore strive all the harder to supply the deficiency. A considerable number of play activities have been developed and recommended for adults. Following is a list of twenty: Gardening, swimming, golf, tennis (for those in good health up to 45 or 50 years), horseshoe pitching, hiking, walking (nature trips), volley ball, indoor ball (for men), base ball (for men), croquet, archery, short relay games, camping, home parties, dances, old folks parties, ward socials, excursions, indoor base ball.

Each adult group should concern itself with providing suitable facilities within their own community for as

great a variety of these as possible. At Salt Lake City, at Ogden, and elsewhere there are maintained fine gymnasiums and an increasing number of gymnasiums are being built throughout the Church. Adults should encourage this movement and take advantage of the opportunity already afforded for enjoyment and "health insurance."

At the Deseret Gymnasium it is a common thing for women over forty to learn to swim. Gray-haired men may often be seen actively intent upon games. Authorities seem to agree that those exercises are most beneficial in which the play element is present. A man who merely abstains from the abuses of the body specifically mentioned in the Word of Wisdom is surely not discharging his religious obligation with respect to his own body.

It is to be hoped that Latter-day Saints will be found in the fore front of the new world movement looking toward the preservation in adult life, through proper recreation and play, of mental and physical vigor. (See articles by Dr. Jay B. Nash and E. L. Roberts, this Era.)

## Suggested Program for Evening on Healthful Play

VALUE of Recreation in the Life of the Adults." (Lecture). (See Era, March, 1932, under "Community Activity," and other articles in this same issue. 20 min.

Appointment by class leader of class activity committee. (if this committee has not already been appointed) to draw out plan for a summer recreational program. This plan to be presented the first Tuesday in April.

Singing: An exercise song such as "Two Fingers, Two Thumbs." (See "Bee Hive" class leader.) "The Goose Song." (A round.) 5 min.

"The Inverted Quartet:" A quartet where only their heads show above a sheet, sing. At the end, they apparently stand on their heads and repeat chorus. This is done by having them put socks and shoes on their hands, raising them above sheet while heads are ducked. Just before the end, one of the persons who holds the sheet, accidentally drops his end. 5 min.

Games: "The Weary Traveler." An excellent way to get people out of their chairs, is to imitate what the Weary Traveler did, as follows: The "Weary Traveler" stands up, and looks to the North, South, East and West. Finally he looks over the shoulder of the person in front of him, but he can see nothing of interest, so he picks up his chair and carries it to the wall. He is now ready to play a game. (See "Community Activity Manual," chapter 13, under "Parties." 30 to 40 min. Light refreshments if desired.

## Too Late

By Florence Hartman Townsend

ONCE made little songs, because I loved you.

Gay little songs as bright as summer noons.

I vowed no ears but yours should hear me singing.

I vowed no heart but yours should share the tunes.

One bit of song was like a shining pebble,

Another like a rainbow-feathered bird; One tune was like the wind among the lillies,

Another like a lover's sweetest word.

But O, you went away and would not listen.

And so the little songs were locked away, Because you said, "They'll keep till I return, dear."

Because you said, "I'm coming back some day."

At first my heart was leaden with its grieving,

But grief is transient in the heart of youth.

There came a day when I would fain be singing,

But still I kept my vows, I did, in truth.

And now you've grown a-weary of your travels

And you've returned to me because you must;

You've come to hear the songs that love had prompted—

To find the little songs are turned to dust.

# M Men-Gleaners

## Our Social Obligation in Raising the Standards of Integrity and Honesty

THE program for M Men-Gleaners for the month of March will be "Our Social Obligation in Raising the Standards of Integrity and Honesty." (See M-Men Manual, p. 56; Gleaner Manual, p. 64.) This discussion should be one of great interest and benefit to the young men and women of our Church. The honesty and integrity of their forefathers is their heritage. In the early days a man's word was as good as his note, signed and acknowledged by a notary. Rarely did one man fail to keep his word with another. Through intelligent discussion the youth of today may learn the value and joy of honesty in thought, speech and action.

Talk by a Gleaner girl is "To Thine Own Self Be True." This topic should furnish much interesting material for a speech of five or six minutes. Polonius' Advice to Laertes, taken from Hamlet, (William Shakespeare) "This above all: to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man," is worthy of consideration. Truthfulness, honesty and integrity are Latter-day Saint ideals and should be taught and practiced in every home. We should be known as an "honest people." The individual must be the unit from which the group will derive its strength. In being true to himself, he not only builds self-respect but helps the home, the Church, the community.

List ways in which we may be true to ourselves, to our fellowmen, our ideals. Search for interesting comments by leading characters and editorials in newspapers for incidents which may strengthen the theme of honesty and integrity.

"The Present World Crisis: The Result of a Lack of Political and Economic Integrity," is the subject assigned for the talk to be delivered by the M Man in the March joint program. Pope says: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Honesty in an individual is determined by the things he thinks and the acts he performs during his daily life. It may not appear dangerous for a student to cheat a little in school. It may not appear dishonest when we give to someone else a street car transfer which was given to us under the agreement that we alone would use it. These acts in and of themselves may not be serious. The danger lies in the habit that is formed by the commission of these small offenses.

Someone has written these fine lines:

"A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dewdrop on the baby plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever."

It is the innocent cheating, the little white lie, and similar offenses that lead to the serious offenses in life. They not only affect one's course in life, but they actually affect one's personality and character.

Orison Sweet Marden in his "Power of Personality" refers to a large employer of men and women, who says he is largely guided in his choice of applicants for positions by the expression of the eyes. "There," he says, "I read honesty or dishonesty, intelligence or dullness, courage or cowardice. I place little confidence in a shift-eyed individual, even though he has every other point in his favor. A direct glance, clear, bright eyes, wins and compels respect. Clear, honest eyes, indicating a sound and vigorous mind and body, are of inestimable value to an individual."

## Ebb Tide

By Coral J. Black

THE tide is out; come sally forth,  
To search for treasures on the strand,  
For in its wake, the ebbing tide,  
Has cast them forth with lavish hand;

The truest love that hearts may know

A priceless opportunity—  
Search, while the restless tide is out,  
For gifts the Fates have sent to thee!

Useless to seek while madcap waves  
Athwart Life's golden sands are flung,  
We idly wait the turning tide  
Our hopes still leashed our songs unsung.

The flood recedes, with eager pace  
We search along the gift-strewn beach  
And lo, the treasures of a king,  
Lie close at hand, within our reach!

Up from the deep, the cherished hoard—  
That else had undiscovered lain  
But waits the eager, knowing hand  
To garner up its wealth again.

Arise ye sad and lone and poor,  
Unloose the shackles of despair  
Before thee lies Life's treasure-trove  
And all things are, for those who dare!

The present world crisis has been brought about because nations and governments have indulged, as have individuals, in small offenses which have now grown into such proportions that they are shaking the economic and political foundations of the world. The present attitude of the European nations relative to the obligations which they owe the United States of America, is sufficient evidence of the deplorable condition that these great nations have fallen into, economically and politically. Not only their word is no longer good, but solemn contracts, executed under the great seals of the respective countries, are now being disregarded, and in effect described as mere scraps of paper.

The Savior taught great truths in the Golden Rule which He gave to men and nations and by which he urged that our lives and fortunes be guided. In honesty, an individual has a possible fortune, a mind of happiness, and a power to elevate and make better himself, and to create within himself an irresistible magnet that will draw to him the finer and the best things in life.

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can

Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.

Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

—John Fletcher.

The demonstration for March, an Honor Party, should be a happy gathering. While it will create enjoyment, it will carry its message as well.

## SPEECHES

According to the joint program, two speeches five or six minutes in length are to be given each M Men-Gleaner evening. Are these speeches measuring up to "A" standard methods in speech? (See "A" standards in speech as given in Community Activity Manual, p. 72, and speech courses, p. 294; also Supplement to the Handbook, p. 39.) Is the rendition good, grammar correct, organization intelligent? All Gleaner and M Men leaders should study speech in order to help the participants and to be able constructively to analyze speeches given in class by young people. Leaders should make their own speech of such quality that the group may learn by good example. It is time that all become "speech" conscious as it is fundamental in all life's activities.

## DEMONSTRATION FOR APRIL

A playlet for the April program will be provided by the General Board upon receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope.



# Gleaner Girls

## Gleaner Course of Study

MANUAL discussions for the month of February will be Chapter X, Predictions Fulfilled in the Coming of the Savior and Chapter XI, America, the Promised Land. (See Gleaner Manual, pp. 107-114 inclusive.) For supplemental reference see "The Story of the Book of Mormon" and "Dictionary of the Book of Mormon," by Elder George Reynolds.

## Treasures of Truth

THE following "Gleaner Girl's Prayer" is worthy a place in the heart and "Treasures of Truth" book of a Gleaner girl. We would appreciate having the name, ward and stake of the author.

## Gleaner Girl's Prayer

FATHER, I thank Thee for fields in which to glean;  
For hunger that impels me to gather the golden grain;  
For home and friends and work to do and strength to do it.  
Help me to spend my strength in service;  
To use my talents in Thy cause.  
May I show my gratitude by serving Thee in word and deed.  
AMEN.

On February 28, the Project evening, the division of "Days of Remembrance" will be taken up. (See Gleaner Manual, p. 51.) We give below a "treasure" from this division of the book of Edythe Kimball, a Gleaner Girl:

## My Red Letter Day

IT was spring. Every blade of grass, every tree, every bird, every bee sang in his own tongue the old song of the poet—"Wake up old hearts! Cheer up! God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world."

It was spring when youth opens the door of its heart to call in new dreams, new hopes and to give out freshest flowers from youth's sweet garden. It was spring and my own heart sang with the joy of living and the desire to give the old message of springtime, the message that God lives, that we may know him through the Gospel's wonderful plan.

This dispensation had been established one hundred years, and to commemorate its birthday came the glorious pageant "The Message of the Ages." The message of the Gospel and its development through all its dispensations.

Imagine the thrill I received when I was asked to take part. My part, though small, had its mission—to help build the pageant into a finished pro-

duct. I shall ever remember the Temple grounds alive with people in costumes, laughing and talking with one another. The first night in the dressing room, when strangeness became friendliness and we helped each other apply our makeup or rearrange a tie or sash, I learned to love them all and to look forward to each night when we would meet again.

Each night it seemed I found a new friend, a new joy, that I could plant in my own life and make it more rich and wholesome.

The thrill of the first performance! I remember how we all waited to hear the strains of that enchanting Egyptian music which told us it was time to make our entrance. I shall never forget the feeling of joy as I gazed upon the mass of people who came to be inspired with the wonderful message of the pageant and who returned to their homes with a determination to become better men and women.

Night after night as I partook of the wonderful spirit of love and harmony among the players I found my own soul awakening to the true significance of the Gospel message. I realized more than ever what it means to be a Latter-day Saint girl. I bowed my head in reverence more than once to those who made it possible for me to know the gospel, and I found my-

self wondering if we were not helped even in this pageant by those who took such an active part in restoring this dispensation. It seemed that my great-grandfather, Heber C. Kimball, who worked so earnestly and so humbly in the service of the Lord in helping to establish God's Kingdom upon the earth, was near me. I felt his steadfastness and his courage. It seemed that out of the years he stepped and gave to me a bit of his faith and fearlessness, that will give me the courage to "Carry On," to plant into the hearts of my posterity the seed of the Gospel, that their lives will be filled always with the springtime.

—Edythe Kimball.

## Poetry and Prose, and Sacred to Me

YOU will note at the bottom of p. 52 of the Gleaner Manual, that there will be no class discussion for the divisions "Poetry and Prose" and "Sacred to Me." Gleaner girls should be encouraged to constantly gather and include choice bits of poetry and prose in this division of their books. Class leaders may use these choice selections to enrich class discussions. The division "Sacred to Me" is most sacred. It will contain valuable personal "treasures," gleanings from our life's story. These "treasures" may be placed in envelopes pasted on sheets of the book.

## A Distressing Disease of Speech

THE most devitalizing habit of public speech today is the almost automatic use of the apology. So many speakers whether young or old, capable or incapable, cling to that feeble makeshift.

No matter how good a speech may be, if it is poorly begun, (and the apology is the worst beginning possible) it can never be called effective. For the first taste always lingers, whether it be a first bitter bite at a banquet or an apology at the beginning of a speech. It calls direct attention to itself. It hails the hearers like a false distress signal and mars the following journey into the land of thought. More detrimental than the havoc played by the apology upon the speech itself is the harm it does to the speaker. It immediately decreases his efficiency by voicing his feared weaknesses. It takes away his ideal of what he would like to be able to do.

"Well," he says to himself, "they can't expect much of me now, so I'll just say whatever comes to my mind." Usually the

speech sounds like that. The standard is gone and the standard bearer feels embarrassed and out of place. Moreover it is doubly hard to begin again after an apology. The problem of commencing has to be begun all over again. The apology is a stone the speaker kicks in his own path and even though he may get past it he has weakened himself by the needless effort of kicking.

The audience too feels the foolishness of it all. "Why doesn't he get on?" they question. "Why doesn't he say something?" The audience is impatient and rightfully so, for its time is being taken and nothing is being given in return. When a speaker apologizes for the space of one minute to sixty people he is stealing an hour of precious time and the time he takes can never be returned. Hundreds of hours can thus be wasted in an astoundingly short time.

In addition to time being lost, the audience sits back in disappointment, its interest gone, its

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# Junior Girls

## Plains to Cross

EACH person has different obstacles to overcome in crossing their great plains and climbing the heights that make up their daily lives.

In class an interesting proceeding might be to have each girl write a list of things that offer her the greatest temptations. If the girls will express themselves more freely and honestly if their lists are unidentified you might use your question box. Let them drop their lists in the box unsigned. The lists may be read and discussed by the class.

Here is a list said to enumerate the modern temptations offered our young people, not necessarily the ones that might be on the lists: tardiness, borrowing, petting, smoking, exaggerating, telling untruths, keeping late hours, drinking, reading sex stories, wasting time day dreaming, overindulging in dancing, attending too many movies, primping, being discontented because of lack of money and

Such discussion offers rich opportunities to discover the real feelings of the girls of a group. By careful and honest treatment of the discussion much real good may be accomplished. Many of these temptations would lose their charms, if they have any, if they were understood by our young people.

Why does our Heavenly Father say — "He is greater who conquers himself than he who conquers a city."

Why did he warn us against the use of tea, coffee and spirituous drinks and tobacco in the last days? *Because of evil designs in the hearts of men.*

## My Privileges Under the Covenant Patriarchal Blessing

(Notice the suggestions at the close of Chapter 8, page 118.)

ASSIGN a different question to each girl and have her present her answer to the whole class. Stimulate the girls to do their best. Many of the Journals written by the pioneers have been used continuously as historical references.

The girls should take pride and make their chapter exact and accurate as if they were writing a lovely story for future reference. The girls' books reveal the girls' characters for all to know who see them.

What is meant by covenant? Why are we a covenanted people?

Why were the Jews a covenanted people?

In what way do the promises given to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Jacob's sons belong to you and me?

Why is this land called a promised land?

How is it supposed to be a promised land for you and me?

It would be interesting to assign each Junior girl one question and have her prepare the references to prove her point. An exchange of these will help all the girls in your class to prepare this chapter.

## The Land My Parents Came From

(Sample Excerpt from "My Story" Book of a Junior Girl)

MOST of my ancestors came from Brighton, England, which is situated near London. My great grandfather on my mother's side, Henry Hollist, was president of the branch of Brighton when my grandfather, Demas Saunders, joined the Church.

Among the company of emigrants leaving England in 1857 for America were Henry Hollist, his wife Elizabeth, and daughters, Elizabeth and Deborah. These were my great-grandparents. When they reached America they went to Boston and two years later moved to Omaha where Elizabeth, my grandmother, met John H. Stenger. The way in which they met is quite interesting. One day in June, John Stenger was watching a group of Mormon emigrants that had just come into the town, going up the street. Referring to one of the girls in the group, he said to his companion, "There goes my wife." A few days later this girl, Elizabeth Hollist, was employed in the hotel where he met her. They were married the following October after John Stenger joined the Church.

Upon reaching Utah in 1860 they traveled to various sections helping to settle the country. After living in Toquerville four years they moved to Ogden where my grandfather built the first brick bake oven. When the railroad came through he and his family moved north with it, keeping a boarding house for the men. They went through Idaho to Montana where my mother and her sisters and brothers were the first white children to live in the town of Lima. After leaving Montana they moved to Pocatello where they resided. They had thirteen children, my mother being the eleventh.

My father's parents, Demas Saunders and Hannah Barwell, after their marriage came to Utah accompanied by my grandfather's mother and half brothers and sisters. They crossed the plains in 1860 in the Handcart Company. It took two and one half months to make the journey which was long and dreary for all. The handcarts, which contained their provisions, clothing and supplies, and which made up all their earthly possessions had to

be pulled all the way by the people themselves. They suffered from heat, thirst and hunger. At one time the provisions ran so low that each person was receiving only one ounce of flour a day. One day during the long journey my great grandmother Alice Hook was accidentally shot in the arm. She was healed by the power of faith by the laying on of hands. On reaching the valley they camped on the Eighth Ward square where the City and County Building now stands.

They were called to several places to help build up the state. Some of these are Sanpete, Circleville and Ephraim. It was while in Circleville that they had numerous experiences with the Indians. On one occasion in the summer of 1864 the Indians were gathering up the cattle. My grandmother, seeing them, gave the alarm and they were driven away. Four persons were killed, one being a boy. My grandmother, after seeing him shot, watched his father come and carry him into the house.

In 1867, after leaving Ephraim, they moved to the east bench of Salt Lake City, now Thirteenth East and Third South. As nails and lumber were very expensive, a dugout, to which an adobe house was later added, was their first home. Today the Saunders family still live on the same ground. My grandparents had ten children, my father being the seventh.

My father, E. Louis Saunders met my mother, Rhoda Pearl Stenger, in Salt Lake and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on September 21, 1899. They took up residence on the family ground and it was here that I was born September 21, 1915, on my parents' sixteenth wedding anniversary, the seventh of eight children.

In my grandparents' lives there were many incidents that were faith promoting. One of the most outstanding to me was a dream that my grandmother Elizabeth Stenger had two years before her death.

She dreamed that as she and grandfather were getting into their buggy one day for a ride, President C. W. Penrose, who knew them well, pointed the way they should go. They seemed to enter a beautiful city; a stream of water ran at each side. The houses were white and beautiful and the trees and flowers were finer and more beautiful than any she had ever seen on earth. They stopped at a building which President Penrose entered. He came out saying, "It is all right." A little farther on he repeated this action again saying, "It is all right."

They drove through the city and approached a small cottage, surrounded by grass and flowers and covered with beautiful vines. This they entered and she said the carpets and furniture were more beautiful than anything she had ever seen before.

She sat down in an easy chair and  
(Continued on page 246)



# Vanguards

## Vanball Finals February 25

AN outstanding event of the year in the Vanguard program is the first of the Church-wide competitions. The finals in Vanball—the new game created especially for the Vanguards and one of the best activities available for young men of the growing age—will be held Saturday evening, February 25, in the Deseret Gymnasium, Salt Lake City.

Eight teams representing the seven Scout Council districts and one for the Church at large will compete for the Church championship. The teams will be paired for the beginning games by drawing for places—the winners of each set advancing to the semi-finals and finals. The winning team will be obliged to play three sets in succession.

A unique admission plan has been worked out and will be handled by the Scout Executives of the various councils. This will be the first indoor Vanball Championship in the church and will go down in history as one of the Pioneer events in this excellent sport.

## Older Boy Urges

ALL over America, groups of men interested in the coming generation are studying seriously the problems of young men above 15 years of age throughout the country and will reach groups of older boys engaged in programs of various kinds, cooperating in a way with the Vanguard program of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The leaders in this effort to find a proper program particularly for young men from 14 to 17 years of age are the National Council experts in this work. Dr. H. W. Hurt, one of America's outstanding leaders in programs for young men, has stated some of his conclusions emphasizing the need and value of such a program as the Vanguards of the Church are now following.

The conclusions of Dr. Hurt have some interesting and helpful parallels which are printed herewith for the information of leaders of Teacher's quorums, Vanguard Groups and others who have the responsibility and privilege of working with this splendid class of young men:

TO understand other boys, (boys over 15 years of age), they must be seen as a point or phase of a process—a process of growth and progressive change. They need to be understood in terms of the years just behind them and those just before them; their present must be seen in the light of their past and their future.

They have passed in turn through periods of helplessness, pre-school play, and questioning, on through a time of pronounced individualism, into a and

through the gang period. Just ahead of them is legal maturity and the problem of making one's way in an adult world. They are forward-facing. While adults think of them in terms of their past, they think in terms of their future. The old external restraints naturally are less in harmony with this forward-reaching stream. Here lies a basic problem, which is "felt" by the wise leader who is a companion, not a commander. The young man in his middle-teens has just come through a tremendous spurt of growth and has weathered the onset of puberty with its profound changes in the focus of his social outlook and interest.

The body is rapidly maturing. Serious interests are multiplying, enthusiasm is keen for some things. The interest in "his girl" is intensified, and he should not be twitted about it—it represents one of life's supremely beautiful relationships. It is an age of sentiment and of lofty motive and intention. The "gang" dwindles to "chums." Future vocation beckons. It is an age of problems and difficulties in which he seeks recognition and satisfaction at the hands of an adult world which seems to him to be miserly in its approval and in its relinquishment of authority.

Two boys out of every three go out to "work" by this time. In that effort they receive relatively little help in getting located, startling percentages of them float quickly from one job to another seeking their niche. In this period citizenship influences are neither numerous nor overly effective. He is frequently impatient with the progress he achieves.

In his new life the sex interest enters and should be met by plenty of exercise in games, sports, hikes and athletics, as well as by having social functions to which he and his girl of the moment, or of the future, may go together under desirable conditions of atmosphere.

In his vocational life, vocational friendships with and advice from outstanding men in various callings will be helpful. If during this period, the church week day program can be so wisely adapted to his physical and social needs that he continues active affiliation, then future values of great worth can be realized.

In this period the young man, unless in High School, is not likely to remain at home unless his relation be that of a "partner" among his peers, rather than as an inferior among his superiors.

For those away from home at this period, the letters, the visits, etc., are basic for the maintenance of home ties and in the community to which the boy goes someone is needed to bridge the gap of the distance of those who care.

In the light of these facts about "older boys" (who by the way are called "young men" by those who are wise)—what are their principal urges that offer a program opportunity and responsibility?

## Young Man Nature

1. Physical and Mental Energy. A Consciousness of strength. Abundant self-confidence. Tendency to scorn danger.
2. Love of Progress. Things that retard and hold back are sources of irritation even at earliest age levels. Youth wants to move onward.

3. Desire for social life, based on a need for it.
4. More Life Work Interest. Need for money (No. 3 above). Whole economic scheme. Desire for independence.
5. The Chum Tendency. Smaller groups than gang age. Love of semi-secrecy.
6. Some Clannishness. Desire to be different from earlier stages. Reaching toward adult status.
7. Love of Recognition. Desire for group approval. Need for Feeding his Ego. Desire for approval of his "girl."
8. Love of Discussion. Argument is popular because the boys desire to talk things through, much as a bird tries its wings, as well as because of sincere interest in the problem itself.
9. Love of Responsibility. Older fellows want and need responsible experience.
10. Readiness to Serve. Particularly if on a voluntary basis, and particularly where his service evokes appreciation!
11. Love of Ideals. Youths are idealists. The realism of life with its selfish greed has not yet stifled their radiant altruism.

## Program Counterpart

1. Action—Doing. Adventure. Self-expression. Athletics—Competition. Health concern to keep status.
2. Advancement Opportunity in projects based on youth interests voluntarily undertaken—also life plan counseling.
3. Make provisions for the young man and his "girl" under desirable auspices.
4. Stimulate natural approach, securing desired information toward choices of his own—made in the light of sought advice.
5. Recognize small unit groups. Voluntarily formed with like interests involved.
6. Different program. Different Uniform. More responsibility.
7. Recognitions Provided. Formal achievement Recognitions. Quiet personal encouragement. Personally shared Expectation on him.
8. Provide Forums. Afford discussion opportunities under as natural auspices as possible but which shall cover a certain range of problems.
9. Chance to bear Responsibility. Use young men as officers and leaders under adult companionship counsel.
10. Chances to serve. Offered through groups, individually—service to home—to city—to church, etc.
11. Honor Ideals. Looks up to them—set them high—strive to set the example of following them.

## More Wealth

THE same old season comes this year, But bears oft tragic need for cheer; As we have less of "things" and "gold," We may seek more of things that hold—More wealth.

The same old friends in love are bound. And yes! perchance a new one found; But for them all, since times are bad, More cheer, more joy we bring, and add More wealth.

—H. W. Hurt.

# Bee-Hive Girls

## Calendar

### Nymphs:

- Feb. 7th—Guide XVIII—Happiness in Daily Home Tasks.
- Feb. 14th—Guide XIX—Recreation in the Hive and in the Home.
- Feb. 21st—Guide XX—Business in the Hive and in the City.
- Feb. 28th—Guide XXI—Business in the Hive and in the City.
- Mar. 7th—Guide XXII—Business in the Hive and in the City.
- Mar. 14th—Guide XXIII—Aids to Health in the Hive and City.
- Mar. 21st—Guide XXIV—Aids to Health in the Hive and City.
- Mar. 28th—Guide XXV—First Aid.

### Builders:

- Feb. 7th—Guide XV—Honor Womanhood.
- Feb. 14th—Guide XVI—Planned by Bee-Keeper and Girls.
- Feb. 21st—Guide XVII—Life of the Bee by Maeterlinck.
- Feb. 28th—Guide XVIII—National Anthem (Foundation Cell No. 8).
- Mar. 7th—Guide XIX—Bathing the Baby (Foundation Cell No. 5).
- Mar. 14th—Guide XX—Open for your Planning.
- Mar. 21st—Guide XXI—Textiles.
- Mar. 28th—Guide XXII—Mending (Foundation Cell No. 4).

### Gatherers:

- Feb. 7th—Guide XV—Temporal Blessings.
- Feb. 14th—Guide XVI—Open for your Planning.
- Feb. 21st—Guide XVII—Games.
- Feb. 28th—Guide XVIII—Civil Responsibility.
- Mar. 7th—Guide XIX—Home Evening—Happiness at Home.
- Mar. 14th—Guide XX—To be Planned by the Girls and Bee-Keeper.
- Mar. 21st—Guide XXI—Taste the Sweetness of Service.
- Mar. 28th—Guide XXII—Service Cells.

For the Open Night in February, it is suggested that the Builders and Gatherers meet together and have a George Washington party. Assignments should be made in advance so that a successful party will be assured.

First—have each girl make herself a Geo. Washington hat out of funny papers. The girls can bring the papers from home.

Divide the Swarms into groups of four or five each and dramatize incidents from the life of George Washington, or of historical events that happened at that time. As each group presents their dramatization the others guess what it is. Incidents which may

be dramatized are: cutting down the cherry tree, riding a wild colt, crossing the Delaware, making the treaty of peace with the Indians, etc.

The girls might enjoy dancing the Minuet. (See January *Era*, 1932, page 170 for directions of dance.)

A George Washington Game. Out of paper cut articles connected with the life of George Washington—such as: cocked hat, old family coach, shoe buckle, hatchet, cherry tree, sword, horse, colored servant, cravat, etc. One of these articles is pinned on the back of each girl without her knowing which one. The girl must find out which article is on her back by asking questions about it until she can guess correctly. For example, she would say to someone—did I wear it? Where did I use it? How did I use it? Did I ride it, etc. The questions are answered as briefly as possible, but truthfully. Those not guessing the article on their back must pay a forfeit and redeem it by doing something to entertain the others. These articles may be pinned on as the girls first enter, if desired. It might be well to place a time limit on the game.

For refreshments part of the girls may bring red punch and the others bring angel cake with blue frosting, thus carrying out the color scheme of red, white and blue.

To close with it is suggested that the Bee-Keeper tell an impressive story from the life of George Washington.

(For other games see Adult Department notes, this *Era*.)

## A Bee-Hive Girl Writes

### MY VISIT TO THE TEMPLE

ON July 11, 1932, the Bee-Hive Girls of Oneida Stake visited the Logan Temple to be baptized for the dead.

When we arrived at the Temple we entered the reception room. We did not have to wait very long until President Shepherd, of the Logan Temple, came into the room and told us to remove our slippers and follow him.

We followed him into a large room where meetings are held. As we entered the room everything was so peaceful, quiet and heavenly that you felt as if you would like to live there forever and ever. I have never had a more wonderful feeling of peace come over me as it did then.

We sang two of our Bee-Hive songs, then Mrs. Millie Anderson, president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Oneida Stake, offered the invocation. It was the most beautiful prayer I have ever heard. She prayed that each of us girls might remain as pure and beautiful as we are now, and that some day every one of us might return and be

married to our husbands for time and all eternity.

President Shepherd then spoke to us, not as if we were an audience but like he would to his own children. The topic he stressed the most was how to become beautiful women. We were advised not to stay out late hours of the night with boys because more sins were committed and more accidents happened in the early hours of the morning, than at any other time. Every word he spoke sunk deeper and deeper into my soul and impressed me more. I am not ashamed to admit it but almost every girl, even myself, had tears in her eyes.

When the meeting ended we returned to the reception room to await our turn to be baptized. In the early afternoon our Third Ward Bee-Hive class was admitted in.

I was baptized for nineteen persons and I am looking forward to the time when I can return and be baptized for a greater number. I hope that I will be able to live up to the beautiful things that were expressed in the meeting and that some day I might have the privilege of returning to the Temple with my husband to be married for time and all eternity.—*Helen G. Greaves.*

## Friendship

By LENA JUDKINS  
A Bee-Hive Girl

A LARGE word is friendship  
With a meaning twice its size.  
A very true friendship,  
Is one that never dies.

A companion who will stand by you  
All the way through,  
Who will share your joys and sorrows  
And do the things you do.

So be very careful  
Not to wound your friends,  
And they will love and cherish you.  
Until your journey ends.

## Have Faith

By RUTH MABEY  
A Bee-Hive Girl

WHEN a mist of grey despair  
Covers the shining blue,  
And not a ray of sunshine  
Can pierce the thick clouds through.  
Have faith.

When the black clouds frown in anger  
And the rain begins to fall  
And the world is drowned in sorrow  
Clothed in a dreary pall.  
Have faith.

Have faith all ye disillusioned!  
Without it all is lost.  
As a ship without a pilot  
On a stormy sea betossed.  
Have faith in God to whom you pray  
As he has faith in you  
And the clouds of grey shall roll away  
And bright shine out the blue.



# Boy Scouts

## Your Afterself—A Message For All Youth

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

YOUR first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that the man you ought to be may, in his time, be possible, be actual. Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased, a will untrained to action, a spinal cord grown through and through with "the devil-grass, wild oats"? Will you let him come and take your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own? Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be? This is your problem in life—the problem which is vastly more to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It comes before you today and every day, and the hour of your choice is the crisis in your destiny.—Selected.

## "Make Scouting a Game"

The Play Way of Teaching.

### Games for Teaching Tenderfoot Work.

#### 1. A Knot Game.

All right, boys, let's have a big circle here. You're "it", John. Here's a rope. Run around this circle. Square knot is safety. Drop the rope behind anyone you choose. That Scout must tie a square knot before you get around to him again. If you succeed in getting to him before he ties the knot, he is "it". He then drops it behind some other Scout, and so on.

The knot which is safety may be changed from time to time, thus using practically every knot in the Tenderfoot requirements.

#### 2. A "Flag Test" Contest.

We give each Patrol a small American Flag and tell them to fly it correctly. A great scramble ensues and in a short time Flags are flying. The Patrol which shows the most despatch and system in their manner of going about the process of flying the Flag naturally is awarded the first place.

### Games for Teaching Second Class Work.

#### 1. "What-is-Wrong-With-This-Picture?"

One Patrol is sent outside the room, the remaining Patrols make different changes in the room and in their own appearance. Every Patrol is allowed to make six changes.

Suggested changes are:

Changes of the room: Changing of the pictures on the walls, of the position of the furniture, etc.

Changes of the Scouts: Changing of shoes, so that two boys will have one black and one brown shoe on, moving the shoulder knot from the left to the right shoulder, putting the emblems on back of the hats, etc.

When the changes are made the Patrol outside the door is called in and given three minutes to find out "What is wrong with the picture."

The other Patrols are tried out in the same way.

#### 2. Blind Man's Journey.

(Sense-training game; Patrol competition.) Chairs or benches are placed as obstructions, leaving a central winding pathway. A chair is placed four or five feet from the "in" opening. A Scout stands behind the chair, is allowed to study the windings and distances of the pathway, then is blindfolded, and endeavors to go through without touching an obstruction. If he succeeds, he scores a point.

### Games for First Class Work.

#### 1. Bird Logomachy.

Use cardboard letters printed on one side. Place face down on the table.

## Twilight

By Grace Jacobsen

THE day is done,  
As one by one.

The sun's gold rays receding.

From mountain peak

And canyons bleak,

The twilight glow preceding.

The rose gray sky.

Fades by and by

To blue and amber blending.

That slips away

With dying day,

The veil of night descending.

O'er hill and vale.

And woodland dale.

The soft fawn shades are creeping:

And over all

There seems to fall,

A trust in His kind keeping.

The evening star,

That seems so far,

And gleams in countless number.

Its vigil keeps

From heavens deep.

In night's embrace slumber.

Players take turns drawing letters and placing face up on the table. When a player can make a bird name from these letters he takes the letters and spells the word in front of him. The person getting ten words first wins.

#### 2. "Twig Matching."

Obtain several kinds of twigs, 8 to 12 inches long. Cut into two parts. Mount the lower half on a board. Scatter the other halves on a table. At a given signal the players observe closely one of the twigs and then run to the unmounted group to get the other half. If the wrong half is brought back he tries again. This game requires close observation. Leaves may be used in the same way.

#### General.

#### 1. "Ask Me Another."

While the Quiz mania is with us why not use it for the benefit of our Scout work?

Make a list of thirty questions dealing with Scouting activities—the Law, Tests, Etc.

Write the questions on big pieces of paper, give them numbers and arrange them on the walls of the troop meeting room.

The boys are given 15 minutes to walk around and write the answers down on a piece of paper. After the 15 minutes the papers are given to the Assistant Scoutmasters, who check up and find the winning patrol (sum of the members' correct answers), while the Scoutmaster continues the meeting program. Before the end of the evening the winner is announced.

## "Scouts of America"

An Epic of American History

By GEORGE BERGSTROM

TO the call of the bugle and following the flag parade of khaki-clad Boy Scouts, there came in stately pageantry Columbus, John Smith, Champlain, Washington, Padre Junipero Serra, Sacajewea, Fremont, the Mormon Pioneers, Grant, Lee, Jane Adams, Edison, and Lindbergh, outstanding characters in the making of American history. They graced the stage, thrilling the hearts of hundreds of Latter-day Saints who attended the opening of the quarterly conference held in the Hollywood Stake House in Los Angeles.

Ethel Baker Callis read the beautiful story entitled "The Scouts of America", written by Levi Edgar Young and Adele Cannon Howells, which depicted the part played by the forerunners of American-epoch making periods, tracing the country's development from Columbus's interview with the Queen to Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic.

The pageant was sponsored by the M. I. A., directed by Dr. Georgia B. Johnson, assisted by Leo Coombs, Musical Director.—Ethel Baker Callis

reader; and Anna Gardner Stewart, accompanist.

The contrast of the pageant was plainly evident—there was the trip of Columbus in his slowly moving ships of the sea on an uncertain Westward cruise to an unknown destination, and that of Charles A. Lindbergh in his modern ship of the air in his record breaking flight Eastward to a known definite goal; the powdered wigs and costumes of the Colonial times to the dress of moderns; the beating of the Indian tom toms and the chant of the Padres to the beautiful orchestral accompaniment, arranged by Mr. Coombs; the stately splendor of Queen Elizabeth and her Court to the struggles and the hardships of Sacajewea's wilderness trail from the Missouri to the Pacific; the landing of Columbus on the shores of the Atlantic to Fremont's landing on the shores of the Pacific; from the miracle of the Edison Mazda lamp lighting the world, to the torch of the gospel lighting the world with its message of light and salvation.

It was a fitting climax to a well attended seminar of Scouters, and a conference of enthusiastic promoters of boy welfare who listened to addresses on Scouting technique from such men as Oscar A. Kirkham, E. B. De Groot, Scout Executive of Los Angeles; John Wells, of the presiding Bishopric; Oscar A. Mathews, Scout Executive, Huntington Park; Wes Klussman, Asst. Executive, Los Angeles; George Bergstrom, Scout Executive of the San Fernando Valley. Leonard Allen, the District Commissioner of the Hollywood Stake, presided and conducted these sessions.

Some quotations from these speeches:

"We are just as anxious that the boys advance in Scouting as we are that they advance in the Priesthood." John Wells, of the Presiding Bishopric.

"We appeal for your cooperation and co-ordination of the church plan. Scouting needs the spirituality that we can give it." Oscar Kirkham.

"Wholesome institutional interest and support promote the vitality of the Boy Scout movement." E. B. De Groot, Scout Executive of Los Angeles.

"Scouting was founded on the 'good turn' and lives on the great service rendered to mankind." O. B. Mathews.

"We become interesting because of the places we have been and of the things we have seen, and to the Boy Scout, the out-of-doors creates this culture." Wes Klussman.

"The Scoutmaster must be a come leader and a go getter, a man of high ideals whose integrity is beyond reproach; a shepherd instead of a sheep herder, a savior instead of a protagonist." George Bergstrom.

## Application of Guide Scout and Priesthood Plan

THE Trailbuilder program in the L. D. S. wards takes the place of the Cubbing program sponsored by the National Council Boy Scouts of America. Although Trailbuilder work is directed by the Primary Organization, Scout and Priesthood leaders should be vitally interested in its welfare, for the aim of the program especially during the third year is to prepare boys for the Scouting and Priesthood work.

To correlate the work of the three departments more closely the Cottonwood Stake recently added an older scout to the teaching force of the Primary. The older scout is also an active priesthood member. He has direct charge of the activity work of the third year Trailbuilders or guide department and is called the Guidemaster. His specific duties are:

1. Keep boys' logs up to date.
2. Teach activities—games, stunts, etc.—necessary to fill log requirements.
3. Conduct the hiking program for guides.
4. Teach handicraft projects.
5. Recruit new guides.
6. Prepare boys for Tenderfoot Scout Test.
7. Assist in preparation of boys for ordination into Priesthood.

The guardian of the guides is responsible for the guide department and the guidemaster is her assistant. She conducts all lesson work and supervises the preparation of the boys for ordination into the Priesthood.

The Duties of the Guidemaster in correlating the Primary Scout and Priesthood Departments are:

1. Secure from the ward Correlation Committee on September 1st each year the names of all 11 year old boys in the ward.
2. Segregate the names into 4 groups of boys who will turn 12 before December 1st—Group I—Names. Before March 1st—Group II—Names. Before June 1st—Group III—Names. Before September 1st of the next year—Group IV—Names.
3. Give one duplicate of this list to the Scoutmaster and another to the Ward Aaronic Priesthood supervisor.
4. Pay special attention to the group to graduate first, keeping the scoutmaster and priesthood supervisor

informed as to the progress of each boy at frequent intervals as well as any peculiar traits or characteristics of each boy.

5. On the first of November, February, May and August meet in conjunction with the guardian, scoutmaster and priesthood supervisor to make preparations for the graduation exercises to be held one month later.

6. Shortly before graduation inform scoutmaster and priesthood supervisor which boys are qualified for graduation.

The Duties of the Scoutmaster are:

1. Get names of boys 11 years, 9 months or more every September, December, March and June from guidemaster.
2. Assign a 2nd class scout to train each boy.
3. Meet every boy during 2nd week in September, December, March and June, talk to him and introduce his trainer to him.
4. Invite candidates to a fun night during 2nd month of each quarter.
5. Work with guidemaster in preparing graduation exercises for 1st week in December, March, June, and September.
6. Give Tenderfoot test and register the boy as a scout.

The Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors' Duties are:

1. Get names of boys 11 years, 9 months; every September, December, March and June from guardian or guidemaster.
2. Talk to each boy during last week of October, November, January, February, April, May, July and August to see if boys are learning priesthood requirements.
3. Assist guardian, guidemaster and scoutmaster in making preparation for graduation exercises to be held during 1st week of December, March, June and September.

## ¶ The Land My Parents Came From

Continued from page 242

President Penrose turned to her and said, "Sister, your work on earth is done and this place has been prepared for you to rest. There are people here to wait on you and you have only to ask for what you want and it will be brought to you." Then turning to Grandfather he said, "But you, John, will have to stay on the stage a while longer." And they went out and left her there and she awoke.

Two years later after being stricken with pneumonia and feeling the end was near she had the Ward books brought to her bed. She finished them so that her work would be finished up and one week later she died, April 16, 1914.—Virginia Saunders, 33d Ward.

## Tonight

By Dixie Foster

LAST night I felt that my desire  
Ruled my mind—  
Tonight I find each time a thought of you  
Creeps forth.  
I tuck it back again  
And pat it gently,  
As an erring child  
Who wants to stay up  
'Til the old folks go to bed—



## Buying Happiness

Continued from  
page 228

of the spirit in a shop window, or in a depleted pocketbook, and to touch, ever so lightly, the underlying sanity of truth." The two first essays "Buying Happiness" and "The Art of Being Outshone" are perhaps the most charming—until one comes to "The Age of Salesmanship," "Martyrs All," and "The Uses of Adversity." And between the varying degrees of delight to be found in these, are the degrees to be found in the rest. In other words, and at the risk of being considered fulsome, each essay is more exhilarating than the rest. The book should not be missed by those who enjoy sitting down to read and laugh to oneself; but the laughter is of the quiet kind which comes from finding on the printed pages the thoughts which one has vaguely known but been unable to crystallize into expression.

"Buying Happiness" is an explanation and defense of those who love to buy whether or not their purchases do them any good afterwards. "Beyond doubt," Mr. Goodspeed tells us, "The buyings of many of us look strange to most. One man buys first editions, all the dearer if uncut; another, Lincoln manuscripts, not to publish—that would spoil their value—but to protect from publication; another bindings, regardless of what they contain; another, Chinese snuffboxes, though he is not Chinese and does not take snuff. . . . They are all buying the same thing in different packages. They are buying happiness." "The Art of Being Outshone" is a casual consideration of the prevalent ideal launched through advertising that one can become the life of the party through the simple expedient of taking a course which will make him outshine everyone else present. The conviction of these enterprising ones who set forth the ideas seems to be that only through monopolizing the attention and conversation of a group can one find happiness. Others, not sharing the spotlight, must naturally return home lonely and depressed. Dr. Goodspeed points out that "we all know the conversational superman; he has been with us since boyhood. . . . He is always capping your modest contributions with something bigger. If you have slain your thousands, he has slain his tens of thousands. You timidly intimate that your assessed valuation is two thousand dollars; he cries that his is four. You say that you are to speak in Freeport; he says that they had previously asked him. You tell him how long it took you to drive a certain route; his time was better by hours." In a most fetching way, the author points out the beauties of being a listener, an observer. And before one has finished reading, he is quite convinced that it is a splendid art—that of being outshone!

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A Department of the  
L. D. S. College

## Report of Accomplishments for November

STAKES	No. Wards Reporting				No. Wards whose enrollment is 10% or more of their enrollment				No. Wards whose average attendance is 2/3 or more of their enrollment				No. Wards having completed class discussions and activities to date				No. of Wards having collected 100% of their annual fund				Wards conducting second period activity program				No. of Wards conducting Department-ments in:				No. Wards organized to help in the Festival				No. Wards securing extra funds for Nov. Thanksgiving fund																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																										
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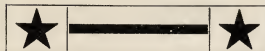
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eyed her questioningly, then rose as though to leave.

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Marie flushed. "You misunderstand. I have no wish to be in debt to you—or to anyone. I merely want to exchange—"

"Well, what is it? What is this thing that is worth more than cash or lands?"

MARIE hesitated only an instant, then looking him squarely in the eyes, she said softly, "My wedding ring," and ached as she drew the shining gold band from her finger.

Olaf stood dumb. His face softened, reddened, melted. Marie caught her breath in terror. He was going to refuse!

"It's real gold," she cried wildly. "Solid gold. Christian gave it to me in Denmark. It is all hand-engraved, too." He took the ring gingerly. Marie watched him, fascinated, then tore her gaze away and rushed toward the door.

"I'll send Jerry at noon," she called and fled fearful lest he call her back. Olaf stood mute, staring at the gold band in his great red palm.

Marie hurried home in a jumble of emotions. They would have milk. She had traded her wedding ring for a cow! They would have milk—she had traded—the two thoughts chased about in a confusion in her mind. Suddenly the humor of the situation struck her. Wedding ring—and—a cow bell! She had mastered herself by the time she reached home.

Marie was just removing newly baked loaves of sweet bread from the oven when Jerry came in from school, breathless, having rushed ahead of his sisters. He looked anxiously at his mother.

"What about Spot," he whispered.

Marie caught him to her in a wave of tenderness. How proud she was of his fine manly qualities, of the sweet manner in which he had accepted the many duties ordinarily performed by his father.

"Didn't I tell you that I'd take care of everything?"

"You mean we've got a cow?"

"Yes, but you and I are the only

ones to know about it—until your father recovers."

"All right, but where'd you get her, Mother?" He was all impatience.

"You'd never guess in a decade," she teased.

"Where? Where?" he fairly danced in his excitement.

"From Olaf Monson."

"Not that old skinkfin?"

"Jerry, how unkind."

"Ah, well—you know that's what everybody in town calls him."

"Well, it's all a mistake. He's a mighty fine man. I'll send a note to your teacher when the children go back; you can go after our new cow, and have her here by the time school is out."

JERRY swelled under "the children." But it was true, he was almost a man, came up to his mother's shoulder. And hadn't he done a man's chores ever since his father had been ill? He was strutting a bit as his sisters came in.

An hour later Jerry Larsen climbed atop Olaf Monson's gate. He was a bit hesitant about going in. Local rumor classed Olaf as a very formidable old man—especially since the death of his mother two years ago. Nevertheless, Jerry's mother had told him that Olaf was all right, so he clutched the loaf of fresh bread his mother had sent Olaf, and gazed about the corral. Olaf was not in sight. The cows were bunched together in one corner. He wondered which was to be their cow, and hoped she'd have a spot on her forehead.

A faint line of smoke curled from the chimney. Olaf must be in the house. Jerry dropped lightly to the ground and made fresh tracks through the deepest snow to Olaf's door. His knock was more noise than courage and was answered by a brusk, "Come in."

Timidly Jerry entered. Olaf, bearded of face and towering in figure, was standing with his back to an open fire intent upon Jerry's entrance.

"How do you do," Jerry greeted. Olaf grunted a response. Jerry shuffled over-shoed feet.

"My mother sent this loaf of bread." Still no word from the towering man.

"It's fresh, just came out of the oven." Silence.



"Sure tastes good with butter 'n' sugar," Olaf chuckled.

"Well, suppose we try it," he grinned.

"I didn't know men liked sugar 'n' bread."

"Ah, yes, Jerry. Men are just little boys trying to be serious. My mother used to make me bread and sugar, too."

"Oh. Who makes your bread now?"

"I do. But it's not the same. See—" and he held up a heavy, dark loaf.

"Golly," Jerry exclaimed. "It's as heavy as lead. Whyn't you get my mother to make your bread, she'll be glad to."

OLAF eyed Jerry suspiciously. Had his mother sent him there to get his trade? Jerry met his inquiring gaze with bland frankness. Olaf turned away. "Well, maybe I will, but I won't pay any store prices."

"Aw—I never thought of pay," Jerry's face reddened.

The sun was shining red behind dark clouds as Jerry bade Olaf adieu.

"Give this to your Mother," the older man mumbled, and handed Jerry a sealed envelope. "And don't open it!" Then as an afterthought, "Say—Jerry—if your mother wants to sell me bread—fresh, mind you—every time she bakes—tell her I'll give her two cents a loaf." Jerry looked startled. The amount seemed fabulous to him—who had to save consistently to acquire fifteen cents for spending money on the Fourth of July.

"Well, three cents, then," Olaf grumbled. "But they better be big loaves."

"All right, I'll ask her. Good-bye. See you bakin' day."

"Don't lose the envelope," Olaf called. Jerry eyed it curiously, felt it over carefully, there was something in one corner. Maybe Olaf was sending money in advance for the bread. But it didn't feel like money.

"Moo-oo," this from the cow in a loud disgruntled tone brought Jerry into immediate action, and removed what curiosity he felt about the contents of the envelope.

LOOK what a lot of milk she gives," Jerry exclaimed that evening as he brought a brim-

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ming pail to his mother who was waiting in the corral for him.

"Yes, she's a fine cow," his mother said.

"Let's call her 'Ring,' Mother. Lookit—she's got a regular wedding ring on her forehead." Marie nodded silently, and closed her fingers about a penciled note that read,

"To Christian Larsen—

"Received from Olaf Monson, March 14, 1886, one cow, for which I will pay \$20 (twenty dollars) when my crops are in next fall.

"Signed \_\_\_\_\_"

"Yes, 'Ring' would be a very appropriate name," Marie agreed and glanced at a gleaming gold band that again marked her marriage finger.

## The Valentine

Continued from  
page 203

A valentine! To be sure, tonight was February the fourteenth. She had almost forgotten. It had been twenty years since she had received a valentine. Who could have been so silly as to have sent it—to her—a grown woman?

She thought over her list of friends and decided it must have been Tom. He alone of all her acquaintances had enough of the little boy in his makeup to have picked out such a one. She wanted it to be Tom. The longer she thought about it the surer she became that it was Tom. The name must have been typed with his portable typewriter and the car she had heard driving off must have been his little old roadster.

It was amazing how quickly her dejection could turn into ecstasy—the greatest joy she had ever known. Her face glowed and her heart seemed to sing with it. Tom still cared, she told herself over and over. He had met her half way—more than half way. He had opened up advances by sending the little valentine. It was her turn to take the next step. What should she do?

After a while she stepped to the telephone and called the place where Tom was staying. How good it seemed to hear his voice again.

"Would you care to come and see me?" she asked him.

"Do you really want me to?" His voice betrayed his eagerness.

"Of course."

"I'll be there in half an hour," he cried.

IT was less than half an hour when Ruth saw him enter and felt herself swept into his arms in a warm embrace that blotted out instantly all memory of past bitterness. She was never to forget that evening, the one great turning

point of her life, for in it she and Tom agreed to become a peaceable married couple once more.

"I thank you a thousand times for phoning me," Tom had said just before he left. "If you hadn't I'd never have had the courage to come."

They had talked of so many things that Ruth had forgotten to thank him for the valentine, but the next morning she took it from its box and pinned it on the wall so that Tom should see it when he arrived.

Freddie Rankin noticed it when he came to run her vacuum cleaner. "I see you got a valentine," he remarked.

"Yes. Lovely, isn't it?"

"Think so?" he asked.

"I surely do."

"I sent it," he told her proudly.

"Freddie, you didn't!" Ruth was filled with dismay.

"I sure did. Mother said I ought to, seeing how nice you'd been to us. I got Dad to type your name so's you wouldn't know the writing 'n he drove me off in his car after I sent it so's you wouldn't find me. Do you really like it?"

"Like it, Freddie—Why, I think it's the most blessed little valentine in the whole world!"

## A Distressing Disease of Speech

Continued from  
page 241

hopes blasted. The opinion it had of the speaker drops to zero or below. It expects little and therefore does not reach out to get what it might find. Although it appears so listless the apology damages the speech, the speaker and the audience. It is in reality a treacherous disease of speech.



## The New Leisure

Continued from  
page 206

vidual dictatorship. Here is where imaginative leadership, stirred by the right kind of social ideals can help to give whole communities a distinct character and a traditional attitude towards leisure-time pursuits which insures happiness.

A discussion of leisure is not complete without some treatment of the necessity of educating for leisure. Here lies undoubtedly the greatest instrument in combating social decay. The new social order, after making life a succession of Sabbaths, must make deliberate efforts to prepare for the filling of these days with useful activity.

It must use the educational system for this purpose. This will require a complete rebuilding of the program and at least important changes in the aims and objectives. Education must prepare for the making of life rich and enjoyable and not primarily for economic survival. Leisure time skills, attitudes, and appreciations should issue from the period of schooling.

Education should be so alluring that it becomes one of the most intriguing leisure-time pursuits of people. This will insure the prolongation of the period of schooling and will extend the age of educational maturity. In connection with this let it be said that older people must be stimulated to return to school—even those beyond 50 or 60 years of age.

WHAT a profound change must come over the teaching profession to guarantee the success of such a scheme! Teachers will become artists in guiding people through the fascinating realms of knowledge rather than mere school-masters driving unwilling minds to memorize unrelated facts for the purpose of winning grades and wearing academic costumes.

From education should come the tools with which *creative leisure* can be designed and given form. This creative leisure must be evolved from the stuff of man's original nature. For example man is an instinctive artist. His original nature would impel him to spend long hours fashioning material images after his dream images, or telling the stories of his exploits by scratching figures

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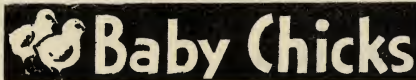
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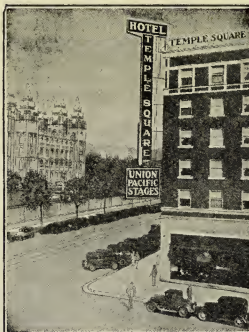
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upon sand or stone. This form of expression is deeply satisfying.

Man is a natural musician. He tests everything that comes under his touch to see if it has vibration and musical note. His every-day speech is but a modification of song, and when he finds himself alone he often fairly shouts his attempt at vocal expression. So too is he an orator and an actor at heart, and in his day-dreams plays at swaying crowds and strutting stages, a delightful pastime even in dreams.

The natural man is rhythm personified. He danced before his speech became audible. The song and instrumental music came into being as time-beaters and accompaniments to the play of his body and limbs in rhythmic movement. He told his stories, greeted his friends, threatened his enemies, rehearsed his exploits, made love and marriage, cured himself of his ills, appeased his Gods, and gave Nature meaning in the dance and dramatic pantomime.

MAN is instinctively a historian and a lover of history. For ages the children of the race sat at the feet of story-tellers and minstrels listening to the tales of their ancestors and re-living in imagination the lives of those who were fathers of their race. They did not require any artificial kind of stimulation to learn their own history.

Just so deeply set in the tissue of the human soul are the urges to explore, to wander, to investigate, to hunt, to fish, to pantomime the exploits of the tribe in fighting games, to play at magic, to watch the play of chance, to test winds, water, and earth and to pierce the skies; to get behind Nature and discover its deeper reality; to determine the destiny of man, to challenge the Gods, and to destroy life and rebuild it according to the heart's desire.

Yes, these are the "stuffs" out of which life and leisure are made. The school can, and too often does, kill them before they find legitimate outlet. In all too many instances the school formalizes and deadens artistic expression; makes music hateful; warps dramatic and oratorical art into mechanical systems; gives the dance a death blow through meaningless "techniques," and set forms; shapes history into an ugly monument to wars and kings; and grudgingly gives or

rather permits some expression of the other instinctive urges mentioned above.

These are the more or less natural outcomes of an education which is teacher-centered, and of teaching methods which are formal and logical. The objectives aimed at have been to equip the student for the economic "battle" of life, and to train him to "adjust" to society, rather than to *develop himself* so that he can make a valuable contribution towards *re-building* life and making it abundant for himself and his fellows.

WHAT can the church do about it? The reply to this can be secured by discovering what the Church is already doing about it. The M. I. A. slogan for 1932-33 sets up a goal which, if reached, will bring about the condition sought. "We Stand for the Enrichment of Life Through the Creative Use of Leisure and Personal Service to Fellow Man." No slogan has ever been adopted which has been more significant and more timely.

The leisure-time program of the Mormon church is the "talk of the town" at present among the country's recreation leaders. It is not only excellent "on paper," but it has also proved itself in action. The recreation institutes conducted by the church this year in and around Los Angeles, at least, have done immeasurable good. Through these institutes and the ward, stake and home activities growing out of them, the church has presented to its membership an offering in leisure-time pursuits which should be deeply appreciated by every man, woman, and child within its fold.

Let every day become Sunday if the future economic order demands. The Latter-day Saints ought to be well prepared to make wholesome use of their promised leisure. All glory to their leadership.

## Ocean Moods

By Jean McCaleb

SOMETIMES the ocean is a dame.  
Clad in a prim gray dress,  
Her throat is kissed by lacy mist—  
Cloud-mist, to soothe with soft caress.

Sometimes the ocean is a minx.  
In green-eyed fury lashing free;  
In white whipped foam, she drives waves  
home,  
To pound the white sands savagely.



## *An Evolving Universe*

Continued from  
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so peculiar, so uniform in their behavior, and so similar to one another that we can estimate the distance of the nebular from the apparent faintness of these stars. Dr. Hubble of the Carnegie Institution Observatory at Mt. Wilson, has found it to be at such a distance that its light takes about 800,000 years to reach us.

It is found that the greater number of these star systems can be arranged in a single sequence. At one end of the sequence are nebulae consisting solely of round fuzzy masses, in which no stars are visible even in the most powerful telescope, while at the other extreme end we have clouds of stars such as our own system.

LIKE our own system of stars, these nebulae are generally flat in shape. The comparison of the cartwheel remains quite a good one—partly because many of these nebulae are known to be rotating

and all are believed to be so; partly also because they often are found to have a thick central projection, corresponding to the hub of the wheel, while the rest of their structure is flat.

These rotating nebulae are not alone in space. There are neighbors, and these will raise tides on its surface just as the sun and moon raise tides on the surface of the rotating earth. Wherever the neighbors are, there will always be two points of high tide antipodally opposite to one another, and two points of low tide intermediate between the two points of high tide.

It is possible to estimate the distances of all nebulae, even the very faintest, with fair accuracy; their faintness gives a measure of their distance. The faintest which can be observed photographically in the 100-inch telescope prove to be at the amazing distance of about 140,000,000 light-years. Some

two million nebulae lie within this distance.

DR. HUBBLE finds that these are fairly uniformly spaced at an average distance of about 1,000,000 light-years apart. To construct a model, we may take 300 tons of apples and space them at about 10 yards apart, thus filling a sphere of about a mile diameter. This sphere is the range of vision of the 100-inch telescope; each apple is a nebula containing matter enough for the creation of several thousand million stars like our sun; and each atom in each apple is the size of a solar system with a diameter equal to, or slightly larger, than that of the earth's orbit.

Thus the arrangement of the nebulae in space reproduces on an incomparably grander scale the uniform spacing of the stars in our System.

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# Your Page and Ours

## OF INTEREST TO AUTHORS

WE have just passed through a minor engagement in which two of our highly esteemed writers were the chief participants. We did a little bombarding and we hope that the battle has resulted in good for all. We were all battling to make the world safe for honest writers. This is how it came about:

Some time ago we published a short poem on our poetry page. As soon as that number of the magazine got out, in came a long letter in which one of our highly esteemed writers made the statement that the lines were so much like the lines of a poem which she had published in an eastern magazine that undoubtedly her work had been stolen. In her letter she inclosed her poem. Really when we compared the two, the case seemed, on the face of it, clear. There were just two reasons why we doubted if any thievery had been done: one was that the person accused was and is a person of good reputation; the other was that we were certain we had seen and used the poem in lectures before the accuser's poem was printed even though we had never seen it in print it having come to our attention through a mutual friend.

At that stage in the controversy we may have been guilty of an indiscretion. We forwarded the accusing letter to the person accused. The accused immediately registered a protest by means of a registered letter and produced evidence or said he could produce evidence which would prove definitely that his poem was in print in a newspaper two or three years before the accuser's poem was printed in the nationally circulated magazine, which, by the way, the accused said he had never seen except back in 1927, before the accuser's poem was printed.

Upon receipt of the accused's letter, the accuser acknowledged that a mistake had been made, but fire was struck when the accused brought a counter accusation against the accuser which the accuser promptly and emphatically denied. In a paragraph the accuser says: "The writing game was never more difficult than it is now. Every so often I come across some of my work which has been taken actually line for line, even from such widely circulated magazines as Good House-keeping, and somehow disposed of as some one's else's original material. It is a source of great annoyance from which we who strive to turn out honest stuff cannot escape, it seems. Then when we get to the end of patience, we let that annoyance get the upper hand—only to find, as in the case with \_\_\_\_\_, we've compounded that annoyance by making another mistake, as I seem to have made."

Now we think no mistake has been made. The poems were enough alike to warrant some sort of protest. We're glad the protest was made even though we entirely absolve the accused of plagiarism and declare that though the coincidence seems impossible, it has occurred. We still, however, have a feeling that the accused was to blame in that his poem had been published before he sent it to us. Furthermore, along with it, he sent in other poems which had previously been published.

We have reiterated in these pages many times that we do not publish a reprint if we know it without plainly making the statement that it is a reprint. In fact, we rarely ever publish any reprints at all.

The accused says in his letter in speaking of a poem which we kept for publication but which has not yet been printed in *The Improvement Era*: "If you don't want to use it on that account, I will feel all right to have you send it back, although I don't see why its being used in a newspaper that far back should make it of no value now. Hundreds of poems have been published numerous times, and in many different publications."

In answer to that statement of his we wrote: "In regard to material which has already been published, we wish to say that we object strenuously to having anything submitted to us that has been published elsewhere—no matter when or where, unless our attention is called to the fact that it has been so published. \* \* \* If we cared to reprint material, we could go back and get a few Shakespearean sonnets or some of Longfellow's poems, which probably would be pretty good. Part

of the *Era*'s ambition is to develop writers. If you are not now writing poetry, we are not interested in your poetry, as we have one hundred or more young men and women who are straining their hearts out in attempting to write something printable. They are the ones we wish to encourage."

Perhaps that is sufficient. Writers, we thought this controversy, or as much of it as we have given here, might help you all—us all—and the writing game in general.

Once more let us make it clear: We want NO reprints unless they are clearly marked as reprints. We publish very few, if we know it, and those we clearly mark as such.

We hope writers everywhere will watch this and other magazines for plagiarized material. That is the only way that literary thievery can be stopped.

And in regard to the two writers involved here we wish to say that we welcome their contributions and believe fully in the integrity of both. Both have submitted material since this controversy which we have gladly accepted for publication.

1 1 1

## OUR POETS THIS MONTH

WE do not happen to be personally acquainted with many of our poets who appear this month but we can give their addresses. Estelle Webb Thomas is fairly well known to *Era* readers. She is from Pinedale, Arizona, and is author of "Amigo" and other stories we have printed; Miranda Walton addresses us from Woodruff, Utah, a town which gained the reputation of being the coldest in the United States during our recent cold spell; Beulah Rose Stevens lives in Atlanta, Georgia; Carlton Culmsee is now living in Provo, Utah, and has had a number of things in our magazine; Elsie Chamberlain Carroll needs no introduction to readers of Church publications. She writes a great deal and in her spare moments teaches English at Brigham Young University. Watene Makia is a New Zealander residing at Hawks Bay, North Island, New Zealand. Bess Foster Smith, Weiser, Idaho, has been introduced before. Lulu Greene Richards is mother of Lee Greene Richards, artist, whose beautiful painting was reproduced in the December number. Carol J. Black lives in Salt Lake City and Grace Watson in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Florence Hartman Townsend resides in Texas. She has written a number of stories as well as poems for the magazine. Dixie Foster lives in Cedar City, Utah. All of these may not appear in the February number, but all will appear in the very near future.

1 1 1

## SHE TOOK UP OUR CHALLENGE

"Hyrum, Utah.  
IF, perchance, you find pleasure in sponsoring, or encouraging amateur writers, here you will find a poem to publish in some small corner of your magazine. I read the *Era* and enjoy it deeply. Thank you. Sincerely, Viola A. Israelsen."

Miss Israelsen's poem follows:

### CANYON

Castled rock cliffs mirrored in the stream,  
Bordered with pine trees, cool and green,—

Gay, laughing sunshine, flooding it all,—  
Shy shadows hiding under cliff wall,—

Sly trout—a big one—under a rock,—  
I, trying to tempt him with a fly hook,—

Sweet birds a-singing all around me,—  
Joy, what a happy old world this can be!

There it is, Miss Israelsen. Now what do you think of it?





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